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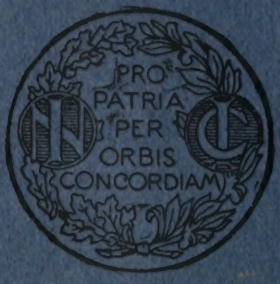
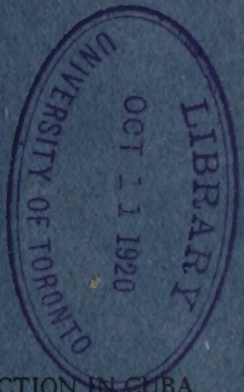
Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD





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INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

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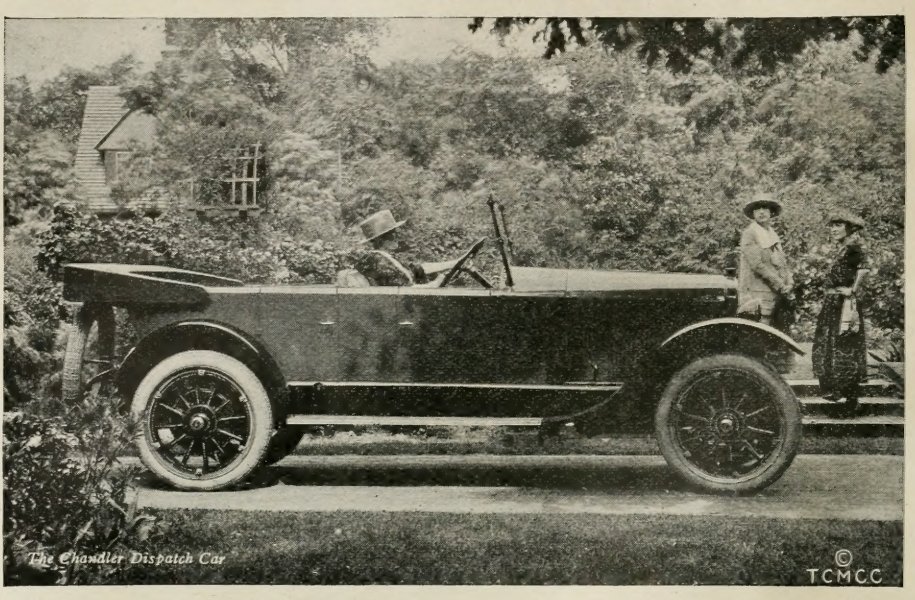

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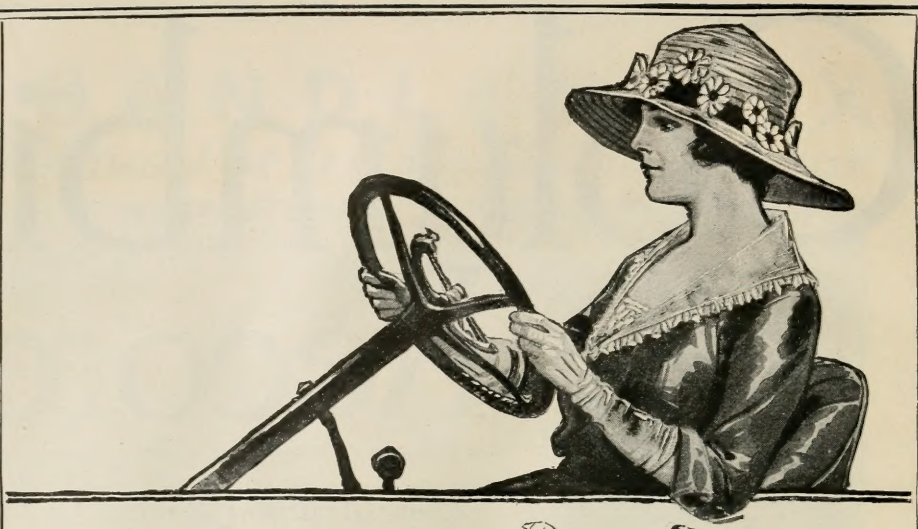

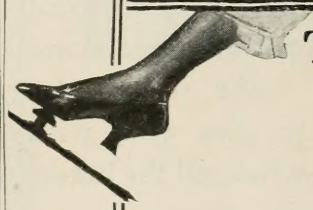

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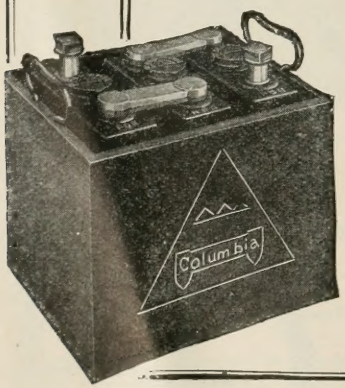

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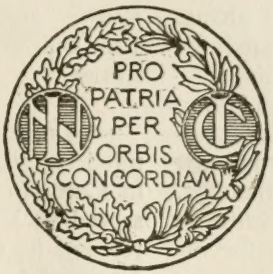

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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

AURELIO HEVIA Y ALCALDE, a Cuban lawyer and publicist, was born in Habana, October 25, 1866, and he prepared for and began the practice of law in that city; in 1895, he enlisted in the Cuban army, and in time he attained the rank of colonel; after 1898 he played a prominent part in the political life of the republic, serving as Director del Departamento de Estado, in which he took part in the organization of the diplomatic and consular service of Cuba, and as Secretario de Gobernación; he is the author of numerous important monographs.

RAFAEL MALUENDA was born in southern Chile; after studying architecture, he began to devote himself to literature, appearing before the Ateneo de Santiago in 1905; in 1910, he published *Al amor de la tierra*, a collection of stories of the provinces; later, he published *Los ciegos* (stories); *La suerte* (a drama); *La señorita Ana* (a novel); *En la vida peligrosa* (stories of robbers); and he is the author of many stories that have appeared in magazines and newspapers, but which have not been published in book form; he is also the author of much literary criticism, written in a satirical and polemic spirit.

RICARDO FERNÁNDEZ GUARDIA, a Costa Rican man of letters, was born about 1870, and he received much of his education in France; he has served as secretary of the Costa Rican legation in Paris and as Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores, 1909–1910; he is a corresponding member of the Real Academia Española; he collaborated with his father, who was an historian and polemic, in the preparation of *Documentos para la historia de Costa Rica*, five volumes, later himself editing the remaining five of which the collection consists; he published also *Cartilla histórica; Historia de la conquista; Gobernación de Costa Rica;* and *Reseña histórica de Talamanca;* he is also the author of several volumes of stories.

JOSÉ LADISLAO ANDARA, a Venezuelan publicist, was born about fifty years ago in Coro, in the state of Falcón; he has served as Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores and he is a member of the Academia Nacional de la Historia of Caracas; he has written much upon historical subjects.

JUAN MANUEL POLAR: See INTER-AMERICA for August, 1920, Biographical Data, page 326.

JUAN JOSÉ DE SOIZA REILLY, a man of letters and a journalist, was born in Paysandú, Uruguay, in 1879; his education was in the main due to his own efforts; he has traveled widely in Europe and America as a journalist; among his works may be mentioned the following: *Confesiones literarias; Cien hombres célebres; En el reino de las cosas; Hombres y mujeres de Italia;* and *El alma de los perros.*

ENRIQUE HERRERO DUCLOUX is an Argentine scientist who has served as vice-director of the Mueso de la Plata and as professor of analytical chemistry in the Universidad de Buenos Aires and in the Universidad de la Plata; among other works, he is the author of *Los estudios químicos en la República Argentina (1810-1910)*, Buenos Aires, 1912, an important study of 431 pages, large quarto; *El ázoe en la naturaleza*, Buenos Aires, 1915; *La función ética de las universidades argentinas*, La Plata, 1915; and *Del diario de mi amigo*, Buenos Aires, 1917; an interesting article of his, entitled "Mirages of the War," was published in INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page 285.

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN CUBA

BY

AURELIO HEVIA

In view of what seems to be a thoroughly justifiable sense of uneasiness, on the part of many thoughtful citizens of the United States, regarding the policy, or rather, the procedure, of our successive national administrations during the last hundred years, in respect of the other republics of America, it is a source of no little satisfaction to be able to point to a case, here and there, in which we have been wise, consistent and generous in our treatment of our neighbors. In general, our relations with Cuba are a case in point. Only the malicious, the ignorant or the willfully blind can find much to cavil at here.

The author of the following article does us a great service therefore in reviewing, step by step and point by point, the development of public instruction in Cuba during the occupation of the island by the military forces of the United States, while at the same time letting the light fall upon two important American figures—those of General Leonard Wood and Doctor Enrique José Varona—who were the chief agents in the great achievement.—*The Editor*

THE history of education in Cuba offers no more interesting period than that of the military occupation of the island by the army of the United States, from January 1, 1899, until May 20, 1902. During that short period, the island was governed by two North American generals: General John R. Brooke, from January 1 until December 20, 1899; and General Leonard Wood, from the latter date until May 20, 1902.

In respect of the improvement of public instruction, General Brooke's government may be considered as a simple preparation. The truly constructive work was accomplished during General Wood's administration.

One of the first and most useful measures adopted by General Brooke's government, in compliance with instructions from the war department of the United States, was the taking of a census of the Cuban people, in 1899, in order to gather the necessary data for a wise administration of the island. The census disclosed, with reference to public instruction, a profoundly distressing social condition, according to the assertion of a recognized Cuban authority. Two thirds of the population was illiterate, and only 8,629 white Cubans and 198 people of color possessed higher education, that is, one white Cuban for every 121 persons, and one colored Cuban for every 2,627 persons. During the war of the Cubans against Spain, the few existing public schools had been closed by General Weyler; indeed, not a child received instruction in the island, except pupils in a few private establishments of education. Higher instruction was not only scarce but very defective. "The university made no contribution, except to afford a place for the very plethora of physicians, lawyers and pharmacists that attracted the attention of travelers who visited the island at the close of the eighteenth century."

Practical and experimental teaching was unknown in the school-room.

The highest institution of learning in the country was housed in the ancient convent of Santo Domingo, and everything there was old and useless: there were no class rooms, no laboratories, no libraries. In old garrets, according to Doctor Varona,[1]

[1]Enrique José Varona y Pera: he was born in the city of Camagüey, Cuba, April 13, 1849, and he was educated there and in Habana, where he was graduated from the Universidad de la Habana with the degree of doctor of philosophy and letters; he is a man of letters, an educator and a publicist, and he has exerted a marked influence upon the scholarship, literature and public affairs of his country; for many years he held the chairs of psychology, moral philosophy and sociology in the university; he served as one of the Cuban deputies in the Spanish *cortes*, and as secretary of finance and as secretary of public instruction during the United States intervention; in 1912, he was elected vice-president of the republic, and since the expiration of his term he has devoted himself to academic and literary pursuits; among his works are: *Odas anacreónticas: Poesías; Paisajes cubanos; La metafísica en la Universidad de la Habana; Estudios literarios*

there were piled away certain instruments eaten up with rust; by a rickety stairway one went up to an attic where was located what they called the laboratory of chemistry; the serious books of the library were old folios; and the botanical garden was nothing but a piece of almost waste land.

Secondary instruction was even worse, if possible. On the island, there were six institutions for secondary education, located in the capitals of the provinces. The programs were antiquated and incongruous; they neither tended to favor the so-called classic or scientific instruction, nor were they a compromise between the two tendencies, but rather a hodge-podge of literary and scientific studies. Instruction was purely verbal, theoretical and by memory. The students never had occasion to observe, meditate, experiment; in a word, to interrogate nature. All their efforts must be concentrated upon learning recipes and formulas by heart in order to repeat them unerringly at the examination at the close of the year. It would not have been possible, in truth, as has been said, to conceive of a better system to atrophy the mental activities of the young and ruin their character. According to Varona:

> The loss of productive labor represented by a million illiterates, in a population of a million and a half, explains the low standard of life of the Cuban population in 1899, while the monstrous disproportion between the possessors of higher education, that is, between those who have the direction of social labor in all realms, and the sum total of the population presents a very grave moral and political problem.

General Wood's secretary of public instruction[2] added:

> The history of the past century shows that democracies, if they do not mean to degenerate into unstable mobs, demand that the range of higher instruction become more and more extensive. The supreme importance of wise leadership in every collective undertaking, whether it be termed a workshop, manufactory or government, is one of the last truths, but not one of the least important, thrown into relief by economic science; and it has been caught up and confirmed by social science. When Cuba was hurled down the slope of popular government, it was for her a question of immediate life or death to begin to fill up the abyss that separated the multitude of her ignorant people from the small group of her cultivated people.

General Wood, upon assuming the office of governor-general of the island, entertained the steady purpose of remedying, radically and effectually, the wretched condition of instruction. In the realm of primary instruction, it was necessary to create a new system of schools; in secondary and higher instruction, it was necessary to revive and improve the whole existing system, mark out new paths for it and infuse it with genuine life.

The work accomplished in public instruction during General Wood's administration was, without hyperbole, gigantic. The following were the most important particulars included in it:

1. The creation of the Secretaría de Instrucción Pública and of a central directorate of primary instruction.
2. The creation of a complete system of primary schools.
3. The training of a new staff of teachers.
4. The erection of school buildings.
5. The introduction of kindergarten teaching, and the establishment of the Escuela Normal de Kindergarten.
6. The reorganization of secondary instruction, and the institution of vocational instruction.
7. The betterment of instruction in trades schools.
8. The creation of reformatory schools for minors of both sexes.
9. The reorganization of university instruction, and the creation of several new schools, such as those for engineers and architects, the school of pedagogy and other schools.
10. The creation of the school for nurses.

A thorough study of these great undertakings would require a voluminous work. In this article, we purpose to sketch them briefly, in order not to weary the unprofessional reader. It is proper to remark that in judging of the facts which are about

y filosóficos; Los cubanos en Cuba; Cuba contra España; Las reformas de la enseñanza superior; La instrucción pública en Cuba; Desde mi belvedere; Mirando en torno; El fundamento de la moral; Artículos y discursos; Violetas y ortigas. For a collection of his sayings, see "Links from the Chain," in INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page 316.—THE EDITOR.

[2]Varona.—THE EDITOR.

to be set forth, it ought to be remembered that Cuba had just issued from a desolating war. The country was totally crushed, and the public treasury was almost exhausted.

General Wood's reformative and constructive work in respect of public education was begun as soon as he assumed charge of the government of the island, as the successor of General Brooke, on December 20, 1899.

The first step consisted in providing public instruction with a responsible direction, which it had lacked. To this end he created the Secretaría de Instrucción Pública, as a department devoted exclusively to the administration of the educational affairs of the republic;[3] the office of Comisionado de Escuelas; and the Junta de Superintendentes.[4]

During the Spanish colonial régime, the direction of instruction was intrusted to the captain-general of the island, assisted by a Junta Superior de Instrucción Pública, composed of twelve trustees. The trustees—honorary and without remuneration—were persons who occupied important positions in the administration and who gave secondary attention to their duties as members of the board.

The functions of the board—which met from time to time—were of a purely advisory character; the legislative and executive faculty belonged only to the governor, the representative of Spain on the island. The governor was always a military chief involved in political, administrative and public affairs, ignorant, as a rule, of the educational problems of the country, without time or qualifications —and often without inclination—for attending to the branch which the Spanish government considered of minor importance, and which it left to the care of the local governmental authorities. Without any exaggeration, it may be affirmed that the island's system of schools lacked responsible executive direction, a deficiency to which must be attributed in part the neglected state of education.

[3]Order number 251, December 31, 1899.

[4]Order number 368.

The autonomous government, created in Cuba at the last moment by Spain with a view to avoiding the disaster that was rapidly approaching, consisted of a governor-general and several secretaries in charge of the more important branches of the government, among others a Secretario de Obras Públicas e Instrucción Pública. That government had a fleeting existence.

At the beginning of the military occupation of Cuba by the United States (January, 1899), the government was placed in the hands of General Brooke, who, in organizing his cabinet on January 13 of that year, created the Secretaría de Justicia e Instrucción Pública and, later, the Superintendencia de Escuelas. General Wood, as soon as he succeeded General Brooke, understood that the organization and progress of the Cuban system of instruction required the direct action of a responsible central executive, of a technical character, gifted with large capacity and initiative and devoted absolutely to the study and solution of educational problems under the direction of the governor of the island. To this end he created, as has been said, the office of Comisionado de Escuelas, the administrative chief who assumed the direction of all the affairs of primary instruction, after it had been decided that the Secretaría de Justicia e Instrucción Pública should be divided into two independent secretaryships, in order that they might attend with greater efficiency to the affairs confided to them.

General Wood had the good fortune to be favored in the Secretaría de Instrucción Pública with the aid of Doctor Enrique José Varona, an eminent philosopher and publicist, a patriot of great worth, a man of exceptional intellectual capacity and elevated character whose efforts as the head of the Secretaría were both worthy of his just fame and productive of good for Cuba.

The Superintendencia de Escuelas had been confided by Brooke to the distinguished North American educator, Mr. Alexis E. Frye, who united all the qualities of professional preparation, spirit of initiative and activity required by the office, and who possessed, besides, to a notable

degree, an extraordinary enthusiasm for teaching, and a gift, more notable still, for imparting it to his colaborers and teachers.

As soon as the Secretaría de Instrucción Pública was organized, it began its labors to provide the country with wise legislation and a complete system of educational institutions.

Superintendent Frye had prepared the first school law, which was promulgated by General Brooke on December 6, 1899.[5] In pursuance of the precepts of this law, the organization of thousands of schools in the country was begun, but it was soon demonstrated that order number 226 was inadequate to the regulation of a vast system of education. In 1898, there were few public schools on the island. In 1900, there were opened 3,313 school-rooms administrated according to the provisions of order number 226; and, as there had been opened only 312 school-rooms when this order was promulgated, the order naturally prescribed the method of managing and administrating the number of schools mentioned; but when the latter were increased from 312 to 3,313, the need for a more complete school law was evident. The preparation of the new law was intrusted to Lieutenant Matthew E. Hanna of the United States army and aide-de-camp to General Wood. After it was studied by Doctor Varona, it was promulgated by General Wood in the *Gaceta Oficial*, August 1, 1900[6]

Military order number 368 is the most democratic that was promulgated during the military occupation of Cuba. Doctor Varona, former vice-president of the republic, wrote the following regarding this order:

> This law places in the hands of the people the schools of the people; in the hands of a cultivated body—the Junta de Superintendentes—the form and extension of instruction; and in the hands of an appointee of the central government—the Comisionado de Escuelas—the higher administration of this vast organism, with the inherent rights that belong to every executive authority. The purpose of this law is to interest the whole people in the work of their regeneration, and to teach them to combat the general ignorance that leaves so great a part of this rich land unproductive and makes of so many thousands of rational beings mere machines for routine labor, if not a useless or dangerous residue of the more wholesome elements of the population.

The results secured by the application of order number 368 were admirable, under the able and energetic leadership of Mr. Hanna, who was appointed Comisionado de Escuelas by General Wood in place of Doctor Esteban Borrero Echevarría, who had held the office for a short time.

The island had two central school authorities: the Superintendente de Escuelas Públicas, in charge of technical affairs; and the Comisionado de Escuelas, responsible for the enforcement of the school law in all its parts. Both functionaries were under the Secretaría de Instrucción Pública, but they had ample authority of their own. Every province had a Superintendente Provincial de Escuelas; and every municipality, its Junta de Educación, intrusted with the management and direction of the schools of its district. The territory of each Junta de Educación was divided into subdistricts of from 500 to 1000 inhabitants; and each subdistrict elected a Director Escolar, who must be a resident of the subdistrict and who formed a part of the *junta* as one of its trustees; so that the heads of families of each district were directly represented by one of themselves in the corporation, and they looked after the conduct of the schools of their neighborhood from near at hand. In order to elect the members of the *juntas* corresponding to the 895 subdistricts of the island, elections were held in which the people exercised, for the first time, the right of suffrage, both the electors and those who were elected thus becoming initiated in the knowledge and practice of civic duties. The number of schools rose from 312 to 3,628; and the pupils inscribed, from 34,597 to 172,273 boys and girls. New courses of study, adapted to the needs of the people, were adopted; modern methods of instruction were introduced; hundreds of thousands of gratuitous text-books were distributed; class rooms were equipped with an abund-

[5] Order number 226.

[6] Order number 368.

ant supply of school material; 105,000 desks were bought; the supervision of schools was organized; functionaries intrusted with the oversight and enforcement of the law of compulsory attendance contained in order number 368 were created; the first school census of Cuba, the necessary basis of a good administration, was taken; and, finally, attention was devoted with the greatest thoroughness to two particulars of extraordinary importance, which are worthy to receive especial consideration: the formation of a numerous body of competent teachers and the construction of school buildings.

Two serious difficulties encountered by General Wood's administration were the lack of teachers and of school buildings. Cuba had but an extremely limited number of teachers, and they were very deficient in preparation. It was necessary to train four or five thousand teachers with the greatest rapidity. The first step in the training of teachers was taken by establishing special summer schools. Six of these were opened—one in each provincial capital—and, besides, courses in education were given in nineteen other important cities (in 1900). The attendance at these schools and courses was 2,710, between teachers and aspirants to the teaching profession. With these courses coincided the invitation sent by the famous Harvard University to the teachers of the island to attend the special summer courses, wholly at the expense of the university. Thirteen hundred teachers were taken to Cambridge on transports of the American navy and they attended the courses mentioned. General Wood, who about that time made a trip to the United States, visited Harvard for the purpose of encouraging and stimulating the teachers in their studies. In February of the following year (1901), were held the examinations of candidates for the teaching profession, and of teachers in the summer schools. Sixty-six hundred and three persons took these examinations, and of them 5,566 were approved, and certificates were issued to them.

The measures adopted during General Wood's régime for the rapid training of the thousands of teachers needed by Cuba were among the greatest triumphs of his government.

At first, any educated person was appointed by the free choice of the Juntas de Educación.

The persons who were appointed to take charge of the classes found themselves in the possession of a dignified position and of a salary which, at that time, when the war had just terminated and when public wealth had not yet been rehabilitated, assured them a decent position and relative comfort.

A great part of the Cuban youth entered the teaching profession, and a large number of young ladies of the best families of every locality found an honorable and admirably adequate way, not merely to avoid being, as they had been traditionally in Cuba, a burden to their families, but to become the chief support of them, until the moment should arrive in which they would find in agriculture, the industries and public service the means of recovering from the ruin caused by the war.

To all such persons was granted a relatively long period during which to give the first proof of their capacity; and, as success in this respect assured a position that was considered enviable at the time, they devoted themselves to study with extraordinary enthusiasm and effort. The demand for books was astonishing. The *Manual de maestros*, written by Mr. Frye, was read even in the remotest corners of the country; educational reviews, manuals and divers works upon education and upon the different branches that were taught in the schools began to be published in great haste. Pedagogy became the fashion, and the newspapers devoted a considerable part of their space to discussing the educational problems that interested everybody.

Examinations, with a gradual increase in severity, took place; and every year, persons of inferior education and slight attainments, who were incapable of meeting the more severe tests to which they were more and more subjected, were eliminated.

During the months of the summer, the teachers met at the centers designated as places where the normal schools would

function. The necessity thus imposed, that they should travel and live outside their wonted environment for a period of several weeks, increased their culture and polish. The schoolmistresses in every town were the young people who imparted the note of good taste and refinement in elegancy of dress and social conduct. As for the schoolmaster, he ceased to be looked upon as the ridiculous and hungry dominie of the colonial period, a type selected as the proper butt of coarse jokes and anecdotes in theatrical pieces of a comic nature; and he was regarded with the consideration and respect due him. Moreover, the summer schools rendered another immense service to the nation, which was that of interesting the cultured classes and the intellectual representatives in things that bore upon public education. The most eminent university professors, the most famous physicians, professors of secondary instruction, publicists, et cetera, were called upon to give lectures in the summer schools, and they came in contact with the teachers of the primary schools, whom they learned to respect and for whom they came to entertain a great liking. If their lessons were oftentimes theoretical and lacking in great practical value, it is true they always taught something and they greatly fostered intellectual activity in the country. Besides, the lecturers themselves were compelled to study questions of education and pedagogy, subjects which perhaps would never have come within the range of their respective specialties. Forced to pursue the course indicated, many became interested in the school to a degree previously unknown in Cuba. There was a time when, because of these circumstances, the most notable minds of Cuba were consecrated to working and producing for the primary schools, now by giving lectures in the normal schools, now by writing upon history, geography, civic instruction, the natural sciences, pedagogy, et cetera, now by editing texts upon the branches taught in the schools. It may be affirmed that in the brief time of General Wood's administration, more was written in Cuba upon education and upon each of the subjects included in the curricula of our schools than in almost the entire nineteenth century. Thanks to this fact, when General Wood's administration terminated, Cuba possessed more than 5,000 teachers, better trained than those of any other Hispano-American country.

The total lack of school buildings was another of the great difficulties with which General Wood's government had to wrestle; but he applied to overcoming it the same indefatigable energy and the same democratic spirit. The Comisionado de Escuelas prepared a plan according to which the construction of schools throughout the island was to be begun, taking as a basis the school population of from five to seventeen years of age. The sum to be applied to each district was fixed at *two dollars per capita* a year ($1,106,056), and the Departamento de Obras Públicas immediately began construction. By August 31, 1901, forty school-houses were already completed; 102 were in process of construction and 201 were planned for the following year. The problem of the erection of school buildings was attacked in another and a more interesting manner perhaps. Cuba lacked schools, but almost all the towns possessed ample barracks, constructed for the lodging of the troops used by Spain for the purpose of imposing her sovereignty upon the people of the island. The people soon witnessed an unusual and surprising spectacle that revealed the new spirit by which the rulers of Cuba were actuated: the barracks began to be invaded by numerous shifts of laborers—each of them with an engineer at its head—who rapidly transformed the enormous structures into clean, well lighted, comfortable schools, provided with ample courts and excellent sanitary equipments.

The place where formerly lodged the soldiers who oppressed the country was turned into a workshop in which a new people was being trained to live freely and peacefully under the shelter of its democratic institutions. In Habana, the Hospital Militar de San Ambrosio was transformed into a magnificent school, the best in the city, situated in one of the poorest quarters; the Cuartel de Dragones, into the Escuela de Medicina; and the Pirotecnia Militar ceased to be an arsenal for

war materials, in order to house in its several dependencies the Universidad de la Habana, hitherto located in an old and inadequate convent. The barracks of Pinar del Río, Cárdenas, Cienfuegos, Colón, Santa Clara, Trinidad, Ciego de Ávila, Puerto Príncipe, Sagua la Grande, Holguín, Santiago de Cuba, Nueva Gerona and many other towns became the best schools of the country. An admirable object-lesson this, and all the more notable, if we reflect that it was a soldier who gave this lesson, and that from the highest position in the government of Cuba! The Cuban people learned thus that the army of the United States, commanded in Cuba by General Wood, was a force wholly devoted to the service of humanity and democracy.

At the same time that the problems mentioned above were being solved, instruction and discipline in the schools were improved, and new studies were introduced, such as manual training, community civics and the kindergarten, of recent appearance in the island. One of the most famous Cuban publicists of the past century—don José Antonio Saco[7]—had lamented the slight liking of the Cubans for the manual arts, attributing the fact to the circumstance that, as these labors had been intrusted for several centuries to the slaves, the white population considered them servile occupations. Legal, medical or literary studies were the only ones that attracted our youth, with grave injury to the material interests of the island, since commerce, industry and almost all the manual arts—the bases of public prosperity—were found in the hands of foreigners. The introduction of manual labor, effected in 1901, into the schools of Cuba, under the direction of Mr. L. L. Summers, directly combated a hurtful social prejudice by dignifying the laborer, the worker, and by inculcating in youth the sound principle that work is the basis of personal independence and the solid foundation of individual and collective well-being. Commissioner Hanna said in 1901:

> Manual training will accomplish wonders in Cuba. Among a certain portion of society, contempt is felt for manual or physical labor, whatever it be, and the idea is very general that the laborer's blouse can not cover the body of a gentleman. Manual training will do much to alter this opinion, inasmuch as it imparts a liking and respect for labor of the hands. While well applied manual training inculcates a sense of independence of character and of perseverance, it implants habits of order, accuracy and economy: sentiments and habits that are characteristic of the successful man. Manual training will not revolutionize public instruction in Cuba nor the state of Cuban society, but it will accomplish much in both directions.[8]

Hanna's opinions were confirmed by experience. Cuban teachers and children welcomed the new instruction with enthusiasm. Workshops were set up in the principal schools of the island, and a large body of Cuban teachers, capable of extending manual training throughout the country, was formed. At present, it is one of the favorite branches of the children who attend the schools of Cuba.

Civic instruction was another of Cuba's great needs. The people of the island had just won their freedom, and it was necessary to teach them to exercise and to comply with their civic duties. General Wood brought from the United States the famous professor Wilson L. Gill, the organizer of the first school city of New York in 1899. Mr. Gill came to Cuba at the close of 1900, and he immediately prepared the charter of the school city, which was published in May, 1901. In accordance with this charter, under the supervision of Mr. Gill himself, school cities were organized in the principal schools of the island. The most flattering success was obtained wherever the school cities were established, and it was not long before they existed throughout the island. Thus it turned out that, as

[7]A distinguished Cuban journalist and statesman (1797-1879) and one of the leading philosophers and writers of his time, who excelled as a polemic in the press, and who, because of his liberal ideas, was banished from the island, returning in 1861; he contributed to several magazines and newspapers, and he was director of the *Revista y Repertorio Bimestre de la Isla de Cuba;* among his important publications may be mentioned the following: *La supresión del tráfico de esclavos en la isla de Cuba; Ideas e historia de la esclavitud desde los tiempos más remotos hasta nuestros días.*—THE EDITOR.

[8]Unable to locate the quotation in the English original, we have translated this passage back into English from the Spanish version.—THE EDITOR.

the people, in practising and complying with the duties imposed upon them by the school law, learned to vote and to initiate themselves in self-government by the management of the party affairs which most deeply concerned them, so the children of the schools acquired, in turn, in the school cities, a vital and practical knowledge of their duties and rights, present and future, as members of a community and as citizens.

No greater service could be rendered to Cuba at that time, since the day was now at hand in which she was to become an independent republic and assume the responsibility of her own destiny.

The kindergarten was another of the great innovations introduced into Cuban education. The children of Cuba had been born and had lived in the midst of the horrors and miseries of a desolating war, ravaged by hunger and epidemics. The orphans numbered thousands. The war had just concluded; want and, at times, misery lurked in most homes, which were lacking in space and in hygienic conditions. Children grew up weak and sad, bereft of birds, flowers, toys, smiles and joy. The kindergarten, established first in the orphan asylums and then as a part of the school system, was a paradise for the children and a revelation for Cuban mothers. Miss Marie Keil was intrusted by the Comisionado de Escuelas with the organization of kindergarten teaching in the island. The Cuban woman, endowed with a lively spirit and an exquisite sensibility, possessed an excellent amplitude for the kindergarten, and she soon penetrated the spirit of Friedrich Fröbel's great work. Almost all the towns manifested a desire to have kindergartens for their little ones, and it was necessary to give attention to the training of a large body of Cuban kindergarten teachers: an undertaking that turned out to be easy because of the natural disposition of the young women of Cuba and the popularity of the new method of teaching. In February, 1902, General Wood ordered the creation of the Escuela Normal de Kindergarten, according to a plan proposed by the Comisionado de Escuelas. The Escuela Normal de Kindergarten was established in Habana, but students from the six provinces of the island were admitted to it. The students enjoyed a fellowship of $240 a year, and they engaged to serve for the period of two years as kindergarten teachers in their respective provinces. Miss Marie Keil was appointed directress of the school, a position which she filled for several years. In the Escuela Normal de Kindergarten in Habana were trained and continue to be trained all the kindergarten teachers the republic of Cuba has had.

The great innovations introduced into the island's system of education during General Wood's administration were not confined to the particulars that have been presented: they extended to another field, as important, if not more important.

In the internal life of the school, in the respective position of the teacher and the pupil, in the very concept of education, occurred a profound transformation, *a complete revolution,* it would be better to call it. The official school of the colonial period was a bureaucratic institution whose organization, as a whole, tended to secure for the teacher the maximum of benefits, while the pupil appeared only upon a lower level, as an object of secondary consideration. It is true that in practice the teacher was as overlooked and neglected by the public authorities as the children, but this was due to defects of administration and not to the laws that existed at the time. Under the colonial régime, all the rights pertained to the teacher, and all the obligations to the child, among them the duty of bearing, without complaint or protest, the strictness of the brutal discipline, under penalty of the most severe and degrading punishment.

By a subversion of pedagogical and moral values, the teacher—the functionary of a dominating state—and not the child, was the center of gravity of the whole system of instruction and the favorite object of the consideration of the state itself. In creating the Cuban public school under the inspiration of lofty democratic ideals during the administration of General Wood, there came to prevail a

scale of pedagogical and moral values totally different.

The child—the most valuable treasure of the nation—with all his inalienable rights, was set upon the first plane. A large part of the public revenues was devoted to education, at the same time that the best edifices of the state were converted into schools. Nothing seemed to be too good or too costly for the child. The school equipment, the supplies, the texts, the teachers, all must be excellent and must contribute effectively to secure the health and the physical and spiritual welfare of the child at school, as well as his most complete, practical and finished education.

The radical difference that resulted from this change in orientation produced, as a natural consequence, a transformation of the whole system of teaching, in its intimate and essential sense. In the administrative realm, the change was complete, fundamental. The Cuban people took part, for the first time, in the government and administration of the primary school. The most modest farmer, the manual worker or the simple day-laborer had the right, reserved hitherto exclusively for well-to-do persons, to select his children's teacher. The school ceased to be the property of a small bureaucrat and to be withdrawn from the people, inaccessible to them, in order to become the most popular institution of the country, functioning continuously beneath the scrutinizing gaze of the citizens.

In the strictly pedagogical part, the revolution effected was no less marked. Teaching in the official school of the colony was bookish, dogmatic, arid. The rule of *magister dixit* obtained, without discussion and without opposition. The spirit of rigidity and of dryness seemed to dominate in the schools. The child, in an environment that was hostile to him, had constantly to restrain all his impulses. The boisterous merriment that impelled him to movement and play brought him face to face with frequent and severe punishment; the kind of intellectual instinct which we call curiosity, expressed in the child by an incessant longing to ask questions, far from being a source of pleasure to the childish mind, only served to draw upon him harsh and reproachful reprimands; the candor, ingenuousness, joy, simple faith and innocent optimism of little children disappeared as if by magic in the atmosphere of the class room, where love did not rule, but the rod, and where, instead of the kind, sweet word of the schoolmistress, a fructifier of the heart and mind, were to be found the dry and unintelligible formulas of antiquated texts, which the children had to learn by heart and recite *ad pedem litteræ.*

The new school, the one established during General Wood's administration, was more regardful of the laws of life. The tendency of the child to play was not deemed an evil propensity that must be energetically repressed, but a wonderful means of education; and the insatiable curiosity of the pupil, the best point of departure and foundation for the cultivation of his intelligence. Aridity changed to agreeableness, and study ceased to be a torment and became a source of deep and wholesome joy. Bookish teaching was replaced by objective teaching; and plants, birds and flowers made a triumphal entry into the class room for the first time. The soft, affectionate and persuasive voice of the schoolmistress replaced the ferrule of the dominie of sour character, and a new spirit of kindness and love opened charming vistas through life and the world for the merry soul of the child. He, being able to express himself freely, needed not to exercise himself every day in the arts of dissimulation, which humiliated and degraded, but he grew up, lively and agile, a little indocile and rough, perhaps, but frank and proud, without warpings of conscience, as the children of a free people should be. Feeling himself to be the constant object of the love of those about him, he learned to love them more and more; and, instructed in the history of his country's sacrifices, he considered it a great happiness and honor to belong to and serve her. In short, the official school of the past had been for Cuban childhood a dry and dismal governess, due, to its spirit and its tendencies. The new school has been a true mother and an exemplar of prudence, zeal, unselfishness and love.

The great reforms in secondary and higher education during General Wood's administration were effected under the competent direction of Doctor Enrique José Varona, Secretario de Instrucción Pública. The brief résumé of the changes in the institutes and in the university of the island, which may be read below, is a faithful, although a very concise, picture, in accordance, in all of its parts, with the facts as they occurred.

Readers will have occasion to become acquainted with the nature and scope of the reforms, the principles upon which they were based, the needs they were designed to meet and the objects sought in effecting them, all according to Doctor Varona's very words, which are reproduced almost verbatim in this part of our study.

The reforms in the institutes were achieved by order number 367 of the general staff of the division of Cuba, published in the *Gaceta Oficial*, June 30, 1900. Doctor Varona said:

> It has been sought to make of the teaching of the institutes the completion of a sufficiently comprehensive education, in order that the pupil, upon leaving them, might carry with him specific knowledge, well organized, that would enable him to engage in the higher professions, so that the general instruction might be finished in the institutes, and an aptitude should be acquired to go forward with the special teachings. To accomplish this purpose in a true and not a theoretical manner, we sought a method that would completely alter the character of instruction, so that it would cease to be purely verbal and rhetorical and become objective and experimental, and cause the pupil not to limit himself to seeing and hearing, but impel him to learn to work and to investigate personally. To this end, the course of studies has been reorganized, the mechanism of examinations has been wholly changed and the professors have been placed in a position to give to their teaching all their pedagogical value. Careful attention has been given to the scientific material of these establishments, and it has been exacted that students shall not enter them except at a proper age and with sufficient preparation.

The reform of secondary instruction included, besides, the organization of several secondary professional schools, in addition to the institutes already mentioned. Such were the Academia de Taquigrafía y Mecanografía, established in Habana on March 15, 1900; the Escuela de Comercio, on April 25 of the same year; and the agricultural schools founded in Santiago de Cuba, Puerto Príncipe, Matanzas and Pinar del Río. The Escuela de Artes y Oficios of Habana was equipped with a splendid edifice and magnificent workshops. The creation of these schools was based upon the design of turning the attention of the young in the direction of an active life of business. Doctor Varona wrote:

> To open roads—many roads—to channel rivers, to drain towns, to dredge harbors, to erect lighthouses, to cut down forests, to exploit mines and to better in every sense the conditions of our material life, in order to restrain and to educate the great inert mass of our wretched population, is what we need, rather than to sit us down to sip the sweets of Virgil or to decipher Horace.

He added:

> The problems which we have before us are vital, and they are not to be attacked successfully by the imagination and good taste, but by calculation, provision, the management of instruments, the application of machinery and the consultation of statistical tables.

The transformation of higher instruction and the reorganization of the university were put into effect by order number 260, of January 30, 1900, but with still more attention, according to Doctor Varona, to the social point of view of the reform. The university, in the opinion of Doctor Varona, should not confine itself to being a laboratory of general ideas of a speculative and scientific character, a center of the study of philosophy, letters and the abstract sciences: the interests of Cuba demand that a group of advanced professional schools be included. With this in view, besides reforming the existing schools of medicine, pharmacy, dental surgery, civil law, public law and the notariate, there were founded several new schools that were absolutely necessary to the country, that is, those of pedagogy, engineering, electricity, architecture and agronomy.

In order that the reform should not be limited to the plan of studies, the university

was equipped with new buildings and the necessary scientific apparatus. The Escuela de Medicina was in a Spanish barracks of modern construction, in which the necessary work of adaptation had been made. The dissecting hall and the cabinet of dental surgery were excellently equipped. For the laboratories were constructed several edifices, at present under the name of Laboratorios Wood (histology, bacteriology and chemical practice), which were equipped with a view to the latest requirements of experimental investigation.

All the other departments in the university were installed in the old Spanish Pirotecnia Militar, upon some heights between the city and one of the best suburbs, in an admirable location facing the gulf. The old quarters were transformed properly, certain new indispensable structures being added. The Escuela de Ciencias had also, like the Escuela de Medicina, its physics and chemistry laboratories and its museum of anthropology. The Escuela de Ingenieros was supplied with the necessary scientific equipment, and the Escuela de Pedagogía, with a primary school as an annex, for the practice and experimentation of the students.

Doctor Varona said:

> Two or three men of letters are sufficient for Cuba; but she can not get along without several hundred engineers. Here is the nucleus of my reform.

The transformation of secondary and university instruction was heartily welcomed by the enlightened public opinion of the country. All the inhabitants of Cuba comprehended, as Doctor Varona has written with a profound knowledge of the subject, that only by work would Cuba recover from her enormous losses and regain the lost time; that only work would restore to her the wealth destroyed by the war, and with it the means of government necessary to maintain order and render progress possible. Cuban public opinion understood, more or less confusedly, that work can neither be well directed nor productive in a pecuniary sense, if it be not guided and fertilized by science: truths these that have been confirmed once more by the world war. The war has demonstrated that a modern nation is a vast organization of specialists, and that the success of social work as a whole depends chiefly upon the number and variety of these specialists and upon the efficiency with which they discharge their functions.

Hence Cubans feel increasing gratitude toward the men who had the prevision to organize the educational institutions of the country, with their gaze fixed upon the idea that the producers of Cuba might be able to acquire the theoretical knowledge and the technical ability necessary to centuple the products of labor in field, factory, laboratory and workshop.

The educational reforms of the people of Cuba took into account the sick, and the friendless or delinquent children.

On January 3, 1902, military order number 3, series of 1902, was promulgated, to establish schools for nurses, with authority to issue diplomas for the exercise of the profession. It gave to these schools the character of state institutions, maintained by the government, attaching them directly to the Departamento de Beneficencia. The object of the schools was to be, according to order number 3, already mentioned, to promote the interests of nurses; to elevate and develop the profession by means of a general system of instruction that would enable the nurses to acquire theoretical and practical knowledge in the care of the sick; and, besides, to supply the hospitals and institutions of the island with a service trained in the care of the sick, by providing them with an adequate number of nurses, composed of professionals and advanced students, with great benefit to suffering humanity. The schools for nurses were created as institutions attached to the hospitals, and they were to be established in the hospitals that were provided with a hundred or more beds. The studies extended over three years, with continuous clinical practice. Each school was to have at its head a directress, intrusted with its supervision and management. During the three years the students would receive a small salary to cover their personal needs; the establishment would provide them with food

and lodgings gratuitously, as well as with medical attendance in case of illness. In practice, these schools have yielded excellent results for the training of nurses for hospitals and for the private clinics that exist in the country.

Friendless or delinquent children were to be under the protection of the state, in conformity with the provisions of order number 271 of July 7, 1900. Section 9 of this order sets forth that the government of the island purposes to provide that friendless children and those who have committed misdemeanors shall be cared for by the state, which is to take charge of their education.

For the instruction of friendless children, order number 271 provided for the creation of two trades schools, one of them for boys and the other for girls. The object of these schools was to care temporarily for friendless boys and girls under sixteen years of age, until they could be placed in the homes of families, and also to teach agriculture (to the males) and household arts (to the females), as well as other branches, to the boys and girls whom it might not be possible to place in private homes.

For delinquent boys and girls were created two special schools: the Escuela Correccional de Párvulas and the Escuela Correccional de Varones. Both schools were created for the purpose of educating and reforming boys and girls who were committed to them by a competent tribunal, whether because they had committed a misdemeanor or a crime, or because they might need a correctional course.

Both the trades schools for friendless boys and the correctional schools for delinquent boys were attached to the Departamento de Beneficencia, created by the same order number 271.

The Escuela Correccional de Varones was established near the town of Guanajay, in a series of pavilions, which, at the beginning, were built to lodge the troops of the United States army of occupation. The spot is picturesque and very healthful. The institution was provided with lands necessary for practice in agriculture and with workshops and the more necessary tools and utensils for work, as well as several class rooms for the instruction of the students. The Escuela Correccional de Párvulas was established in the Cerro quarter, belonging to the city of Habana. In several sections of order number 271, were provided regulations in accord with which was to be effected the organization of the two correctional schools and the two trades schools for boys and girls.

These institutions completed the general system of education of the island.

In concluding this sketch, we feel it necessary to add certain brief comments.

One afternoon last summer we were chatting in Washington, upon the terrace of a beautiful building in the residential part of the city, with a distinguished North American professor. The conversation centered upon the educational problems of Cuba and the United States. In the course of the animated discussion, we took occasion to say to our colleague that among the facts most worthy of note which we had observed in the United States ought to be mentioned the profound interest of the people in the public schools and the admirable good sense with which even persons of very slight intellectual training discussed and acted in respect of questions bearing upon education. The professor, visibly pleased, replied that, in truth, education was always a question of first importance for every *good American*.

In preparing this study of the work accomplished in Cuba for the betterment of public instruction during the administration of General Leonard Wood, we have felt called upon to remember on several occasions and on several grounds this conversation, and naturally, spontaneously, we have reached the conviction that if it be true, as the professor mentioned held, that the love for popular education is the characteristic attitude of every good American, General Wood, the illustrious friend of Theodore Roosevelt, showed himself to be a good American, and still more, an excellent American, because of his interest in behalf of the education of the Cuban people.

During his régime in the island, General

Wood left indelible traces of his great qualities as a ruler: he restored peace and order; he reformed the laws, stimulated by a lofty sentiment of justice and correct principles of liberty and democracy; he organized the public treasury; he created the Departamento de Sanidad, which has made of Cuba one of the most healthful countries in the world; he transformed the postal system, raising it to an enviable rank for efficiency and economy; he constructed highways, bridges and public works of all kinds; and, finally, he devoted himself to fostering all the elements of well-being that contribute to the progressive development of a community. These great works accredit General Wood as a ruler inspired by the soundest principles and the loftiest spirit of American democracy; but no labor of his translated so faithfully his true character as a *good American* as the creation of the system of public schools with which his government favored the island: an accomplishment that was sufficient, in itself alone, to win for him the respect, admiration and gratitude of Cubans.

The rulers who maintain order and assure respect for the property, life and liberty of citizens prepare the way for the advent of democracy; those who safeguard public health, place the national treasury in a wholesome condition and supply the community with means of communication and transportation contribute to the development of agricultural, commercial and industrial activities, all favorable to the formation of the democratic spirit; those who confer upon a community good laws, and tribunals that mete out justice guarantee the reign of law and social peace, the bases of the stability of democracy; but those who establish and organize institutions of learning, where the people are trained to work, to coöperate, to exercise the rights and practise the duties of citizenship, accomplish a still greater work: they create democracy and establish conditions necessary to its illimitable development.

Indeed, a country can have democratic institutions and laws without being thereby a true democracy.

Democracy means work, coöperation, liberty, justice. Democracy is, in essence, equality of opportunity for every citizen. Consequently, democracy can have a true expression only upon the basis of an effective common education. Democracy can exist only where there are hard-working and enterprising citizens, capable of coöperating in undertakings of a collective character and general usefulness, with clear discernment and sound ideas, with noble sentiments and wills always ready, upright and firm. General Wood wrought efficiently to enable Cuba to possess citizens of this type. He gave to the government of the island a democratic form, and in all his acts, he conducted himself as an ruler who seeks the good of the community whose affairs he administers; but his efforts for progress were addressed chiefly to laying solid foundations for a new people by means of education, doubtless because a good American always desires to be not only an efficient worker for the present, but also an able builder for the future. The good that he did Cuba by bestowing upon her an admirable system of public education was immense, incalculable, indeed. In twenty years, the schools founded by General Wood's government have contributed in no small degree to the transformation of the Cuban people—impoverished and exhausted by the exigencies of the war of independence and ill prepared for life through deficiencies in education—into a laborious, enterprising collectivity, physically sound and strong. The creation of Cuba's system of public schools was a great civilizing and democratic work. The land of Lincoln and Horace Mann may feel a noble pride in this achievement and may exhibit it to the world as an example and a lesson. For Cubans, it is a duty thus to proclaim it and to do justice to the illustrious ruler who left so grateful a memory as he passed through the Pearl of the Antilles.

An illustrious North American, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, in defining Americanism, in a discourse delivered in Washington, April 3, 1918, before a conference convened to discuss and agree upon an effective plan for the *Americanization* of immigrants, said eloquently:

What is it to be American? We preach Americanism. You are the prophets of the new day. You are the missionaries that are going to the front. For what is the history of America? We may say that it is to love the stars and stripes. But a flag is no more than a symbol. It represents hopes and fears, struggles and achievements, something done and something yet to be done. The story of America is not to be told in the landing of the pilgrim fathers, the fights with the Indians, Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Gettysburg and Appomattox, Santiago and Manila. Nor is the story told in the advance of the pioneer from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the building of great railroads and the conquering of the wilderness, in the searching of the mountains and the establishment of great industries, in the coming of the immigrant or in the philosophy of Emerson and of James, or the poetry of Whitman and Poe, in the inventions of Whitney or Edison, nor even in the lives of our great leaders. All these are expressions of the American spirit of adventure, of purposeful searching after the thing that is better. It is an expression of a divine dissatisfaction. America is an inspiration. America is a spirit. America is something mystic that lives in the heavens. It is a constant and indefatigable search for the best by the human heart.[9]

Fortunately we Cubans have known this kind of Americanism. The facts set forth in this article constitute some of its most splendid manifestations. By the light which they thus cast, General Wood stands before the world as an American faithful to what is purest, noblest, and most elevated in the spirit of America.

[9] *The New York Times*, April 4, 1918.—THE EDITOR.

A MAN OF ERUDITION

BY

RAFAEL MALUENDA

A whimsical story of how an avaricious Teuton was able actually to vanquish three women—blue-stockings at that.—*The Editor*

NONE of them had a love for music.

Only Irene, the oldest, worked a bit at sculpture, as a girl, when the true vocation is not yet defined.

However, the three—Irene, Clara and Dorila—had achieved eminence in affairs literary. Untiring readers, with prodigious memories, keen and heartless critics, bibliomaniacs, bibliophiles and somewhat polyglot, the three sisters constituted a formidable trinity, especially in the matter of novels, poetry and the drama.

They had centered upon this mania, of not being surpassed in literary knowledge, that feminine vanity which makes of everything an occasion for show and display. French literature, Russian literature, were familiar to them, from the classic periods to the most recent times, or, at least, what they deemed most recent. Of Spanish literature they had less mastery, perhaps because it argues much more merit to know what is foreign; and they naturally could not with strictness consider literary productions written in our language as such. In respect of the national literature, they were very backward, and they made no effort to conceal the fact. On the contrary, they boasted of it, because they considered such ignorance a proof of the possession of a select spirit.

In the literary meetings of the Círculo del Buen Gusto or in the sessions of the Centro Femenino de Cultura, the three sisters were wont to give free range to their tongues when the national literature was mentioned.

"Have you not read Daniel de la Vega's last work?"

Clara would reply: "Do not talk to me about books of travel. As to travel: it is best that one gather impressions by traveling."

"Mistral's last works are splendid."

Irene parried: "I think it would be difficult to surpass *Mireya*."

"No; I refer to Gabriel Mistral."

"Ah, I did not know that he has a daughter who writes!"

But just let any one mention a foreign writer, however little known he might be. Then the learning of any of the sisters was an inexhaustible torrent.

"Mikhailo Yatskiv, do you say? Wait a moment. Ah, now I know! I remember perfectly! Yatskiv is a writer of Ukraine, a Slav. He has published a novel that is called *Fires Burn:* he also published two volumes of stories in 1905 and 1910—with the following titles: *In the Kingdom of Satan* and *Black Wings*. I know Yatskiv thoroughly. He is but slightly original; he has suffered greatly from the influence of Baudelaire and Poe."

Professional writers with whom they were wont to mingle in the Ateneo once mentioned an author with the certainty that only they were acquainted with him.

"There has fallen into my hands a magazine that contains a short story by an unknown writer, and it is a real masterpiece."

"Do you remember the author's name?" asked Dorila.

"His name is Geza Cardonoyi."

"But that author is very well known! He is a Hungarian writer, born in the Carpathians. He is not a writer upon customs, however. He has one masterpiece, a novel entitled *The Third Power*. It is an analysis of conscience, made with profound penetration. He published afterward an historical novel, *The Invisible Man*, the action of which is developed during the invasion of the Huns."

The three Bernales sisters became bores, with their stupendous literary erudition. Hence, by way of answer, some one would insinuate:

"Very well, and why don't you three write?"

"Oh! what for? If all devoted themselves to writing, who would read? People read very little in Chile."

As no one, in respect of foreign literature, ever succeeded in catching them in a display of ignorance, it would necessarily be very painful, very humiliating to them, if anybody should prove their lack of knowledge in the realm of letters.

The hour of their humiliation came, however.

The Bernales sisters were now on the road to compulsory spinsterhood, not because they were lacking in attractiveness, but precisely because their virtue—that gigantic erudition—intimidated aspirants, who, in general, however ignorant they may be, do not like to have the women they woo pull them up at every step because of their ignorance.

They had become bookishly hypertrophied.

They lived upon books, in books and for books.

In order to succeed in winning their regard, it would have been necessary to meet them with a literary knowledge more or less comparable to their own; and, on the other hand, it would demand a great deal of devotion to put up through life with women who had the intellectual heaviness of a library.

However, there was always a gallant engaged in taking his turn at trying his fate, because the Bernales sisters were rich, the daughters of a couple with a great fortune, and highly connected in society. The truth is that the *flirts*[1] lasted but a short time; for, at the first exchange of words, the swains were minded not to return again.

"You are little given to reading."

"Not much, but I read."

"But you do not know anything at all about Russian literature."

"Of Russians I have read only two: Pérez Galdós and Carducci."

[1]English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

"*Jesús,* but how terrible! But these were never Russians."

"Excuse me, I thought. . . ."

"And how do you occupy your time then?"

"I?"

"It is incredible that there should be any one so slightly intellectual."

And the gallant went away, not to return.

Another one replaced him, however, in order to meet the same fate.

There was one, one alone, who was too much for them.

He was neither a writer nor an intellectual by profession.

He was a young man of German descent who held a good position in the Banco Alemán.

He was making up to Clara, precisely the best "prepared" of the three sisters. He began by listening to her, listening without opening his mouth, apparently dumbfounded by her learning; but he exercised toward that learned magpie, who was crushing him with opinions, names and titles, that admirable German patience which is able to overcome the tedium of the means when it is a question of an object in view.

When he realized, however, that his extreme lack of literary interest might be prejudicial to him, he declared that indeed he knew almost nothing of English, French, Russian or Italian literature. He was a German and he had been nourished upon German works.

"In German, it would be different!"

As his name was Hans Richter, he even dared to insinuate that he was a descendant—not so direct as would have been desirable—of the great esthete, Jean Paul. It would have been better, if the patient Teuton had confessed his ignorance openly!

So he was strong in German literature? To the test then.

And Clara let loose the torrent of her German erudition:

"Have you read Ganghofer? A great novelist. Do you know the works of Clara Viebig? . . . . Let's see: what novels of George Omptedo's have you read? Pshaw! Then in poetry, you must be still further behind. Do you know Det-

leff von Liliencron? I venture that you do not recall a single stanza of Julius Wolff's. . . . Have you not read Paul Heyse, either?"

The German felt crushed by these quotations, questions, references and anecdotes that almost drove him mad.

However great his avarice—corralled, besieged, without an exit—poor Hans felt himself lost. However, before confessing his absolute ignorance, he gathered, like Samson, all his mental power, straightened up with deprecatory haughtiness and, in turn, asked and interrogated and wondered at the ignorance of the Bernales sisters in respect of contemporary German literature, the new literature, the most recent literature.

The scene was enacted in the presence of witnesses, on one of their receiving days, in the drawing-room of the sisters.

The Teuton said, with no little spirit:

"Pshaw! How fine to know Sudermann, Hauptmann, Harden, Goethe and so forth! . . . Do you know Falikmann?"

"Falikmann? . . . No."

"The youngest of the German poets: a Bavarian. Do you know Reitmann?"

"I have never heard him mentioned."

"He is a dramatist of great merit, a Prussian. Ulricksen? A journalist and writer of stories. Khel, Herls, Eberth?"

The sisters were confounded, flattened, humiliated! How could they be so "behindhand" in German literature? Their blue-stocking vanity was bleeding as if every name and every title that the young Teuton was pronouncing was a direct stab at the intellect itself.

Finally, the German had to leave before the Bernales sisters recovered from that frightful and pitiless lambasting. He left the salon and stepped into the street. He turned to look for the last time at the Bernales mansion. He knew that he would not return again, that he could no longer return; and, nevertheless, he experienced a profound satisfaction. They had flailed him so.

Yet he, in turn, had left them plunged in stupor at his victorious erudition, even if it were but for a few hours only.

He had named, in the capacity of contemporary novelists and poets of his country, all the employees of the Banco Alemán!. . . .

A KNIGHTLY PIRATE

BY

RICARDO FERNÁNDEZ GUARDIA

An item of romantic history that would have pleased Kingsley, in which Drake, one of the makers of the greatest navy the world has ever known, appears in his most attractive guise, as the daring rover, the able captain, the gallant knight and the magnanimous victor.—*The Editor*

IN THE period of her greatness, Spain had no enemy so relentless as Sir Francis Drake, the freebooter who came to be one of Queen Elizabeth's most famous admirals. Born at sea and a pupil of his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins, a no less audacious freebooter, Drake was one of the founders of England's naval power and the first sailor of his nation who sailed around the earth, a feat accomplished fifty-eight years earlier by Magalhães[1] and Juan Sebastián del Cano.[2] His hatred of Spaniards was so great that he was wont to say: "Whether there be peace or war between Spain and England, there will always be war between Drake and the followers of the Inquisition." It might be believed from these words that religious fanaticism was the sole cause of his hatred; but there was another. Drake never pardoned the reverse that he had suffered before San Juan de Ulúa at the hands of the Spaniards in 1568, with the loss of all his goods, while he was very young and the captain of the *Judith*. His vengeance was terrible; and it is not too much to say that he devoted the rest of his life to gratifying it.

Returning a few years later to the coasts of America, he sacked the city of Nombre de Dios, and then, penetrating the isthmus of Panamá, he was able to make out the Pacific ocean from an eminence. At that moment, he formed the resolution to "sail an English vessel upon those seas." His plan being approved by Queen Elizabeth, she provided him with the means to carry it out; and in April, 1578, Drake reached the coasts of Brazil with five ships. After having entered the Río de la Plata, he went to the bay of San Julián, where he ordered the head of one of his captains cut off—Thomas Doughty—for an attempted rebellion against his authority. Leaving behind him there two of the vessels that accompanied him, he set sail for the strait of Magellan, piloted by Nunho da Silva, a skilful Portuguese pilot, whom he had taken prisoner upon the cape Verde islands; but only the ship which he commanded, the *Golden Hind*, was able to pass the strait. The other ships returned to England. Once upon the Pacific, Drake captured a rich cargo of gold and precious stones at Valparaíso. He was beaten off at Coquimbo, but he took possession of three thousand bars of silver at Arica. He sacked all the ships that were lying at Callao, and, giving chase to the *San Juan de Anton*, which was bound for Panamá, he despoiled it of a cargo that was valued at 900,000 pounds sterling.

Fourteen months after having lost sight of the coast of England, the fortunate corsair reached the shores of the province of Costa Rica, at that time governed by Captain Juan Solano, in the absence of Diego de Artieda Chirinos. He dropped anchor in the bay that bears to-day the name of Drake, off the island of Caño, and thence he sighted—March 20, 1579—a small vessel proceeding from the port of San Pedro del Palmar, at the mouth of the river La Barranca, whence it had sailed three days before with a cargo of maize, sarsaparilla, firkins of lard and honey, and wood, bound for Panamá. Rodrigo Tello was the master of this ship, which carried fourteen passengers, among whom were

[1]Fernão de Magalhães: following our custom of adhering to the correct form of names, according to the language of the persons who have borne or bear them, we use the Portuguese form, instead of the English Magellan.—THE EDITOR.

[2]Also known as Sebastián de Elcano: a Spanish navigator, born in Guetaria, Guipúzcoa, about 1460, died August 4, 1526.—THE EDITOR.

Alonso Sánchez Colchero and Martín de Aguirre, pilots the viceroy of Nueva España was sending to Panamá to take General don Gonzalo Ronquillo to the Philippine islands. A long-boat, manned by thirty men, put out to attack the vessel, which was summoned to surrender by trumpet calls and a few harquebusades fired into the air; but when the Englishmen saw that the Spaniards were preparing for defense, they attacked them in earnest, wounding two and compelling the ship's company to surrender.

The prize was taken to a place where they were careening the *Golden Hind*. Drake treated the prisoners well, and in lieu of bars of silver and pieces of eight, with which he was abundantly provided, he found upon Rodrigo Tello's vessel supplies, and something else that was especially pleasing to him: two marine charts and the courses for the voyage to the Philippines, of which the pilots sent by the viceroy of México were the bearers. When they finished careening, Drake set sail in the direction of the peninsula of Nicoya. In sight of cape Blanco, March 27, he set the prisoners at liberty, giving them a long-boat to bring them to land; but he held the ship and her cargo, not without excusing himself repeatedly and in very courteous terms for the straits that compelled him to do so. He also left the pilot Sánchez Colchero, whom he offered to pay a thousand ducats on condition he take him to China; and he gave him fifty ducats to carry to his wife, also permitting him to write letters to his relatives, to the viceroy and to the *oidor* García de Palacio, who was in Nicaragua. On March 29, the prisoners reached the city of Espíritu Santo de Esparza, where Captain Juan Solano chanced to be, and the latter hastened to write an account of the bad news which they brought to Attorney Valverde, the president of the *audiencia* of Guatemala.

Drake continued to coast along the shores of Nicaragua, and on the night of April 4, near Acajutla, off Salvador, he surprised a ship coming from Acapulco. The Englishmen did not harm the passengers; they merely took away their swords and the keys of their chests. When they learned that on board was don Francisco de Zárate, a distinguished gentleman of México, on his way to Perú, they took him before their leader, who was tranquilly pacing the deck of the *Golden Hind*. Drake received him courteously, made him enter his cabin and, offering him a seat, said to him:

"I am very fond of hearing the truth, for otherwise I become angry. Therefore you are going to tell it me, as this is the best way to get along with me. How much silver or gold have you aboard this vessel?"

"None."

Drake repeated his question, fastening his eyes on the Spanish gentleman.

"None," said don Francisco again, "except some plates and some goblets that I use."

The freebooter kept silent and then, shifting the conversation, he put to him another question:

"Do you know don Martín Enríquez, the viceroy of Nueva España?"

"Yes: I know him."

"Have you here any relation of his or anything that belongs to him?"

"No, señor."

"Well, I should give a good deal more to run across him than all the gold of the Indies, in order to see how gentlemen keep their word!"

Don Martín Enríquez had ushered in his administration by inflicting defeat upon Hawkins and Drake in 1568, and it is easy to see that the latter had not forgotten the occurrence. He then rose, inviting don Francisco to follow him, and he took him to the after-hold where lay an old man in irons. There he said to him:

"Sit down, for this is where you are to stay."

The Spanish gentleman made a movement to obey, but, stopping him with a gesture, Drake continued:

"I do not wish you to try this prison now, but merely that you tell me who that man there is."

"I do not know him."

"Know then that he is a pilot whom the viceroy don Martín Enríquez was sending to Panamá to take don Gonzalo Ronquillo to China. His name is Colchero."

He at once ordered the bonds removed from the pilot, and he went on deck with the two Spaniards, with whom he continued to converse for a long while, until dinner time. He invited Zárate to sit beside him, and he favored him with the best dishes; and, to dispel the sadness which he observed upon the face of his guest, he said:

"Do not be downcast. Your life and possessions are safe."

He then asked him where he could find water—which was all he lacked—adding that as soon as he found it, he would give him permission to resume his journey.

The following day was Sunday. Drake rigged himself out elaborately, ordered the *Golden Hind* to be dressed, and after commanding the transfer of all those who had been in the ship from Acapulco to the one he took from Rodrigo Tello, he said to Zárate:

"Let one of your pages come with me to pick out your clothing."

From nine in the morning until almost nightfall, he spent going over the cargo of the ship from Acapulco with great minuteness. The Spanish gentleman got off at very slight cost. From his luggage Drake took only a few trifling objects, saying they were for his wife; and he gave to the Spaniard, on the other hand, a cutlass and a little brazier of silver.

On the following morning, after having returned several of the passengers their chests, he took don Francisco in his own boat aboard the ship in which he had been captured, collected the marines and other Spaniards who showed signs of poverty in their dress, and gave them each a handful of coins, while Colchero he set free. In taking leave of the Spanish gentleman, Drake urgently requested him to convey news regarding himself to several Englishmen who were residing in Lima, a proof that he kept himself informed about Perú.

According to the narrative written by don Francisco de Zárate regarding his accidental meeting with Drake, the latter was a small, fair-haired man; and he must have been at that time about thirty-five years old. He had with him nine or ten second sons of the leading families of England, whom he seated at his table, along with the pilot Nunho da Silva, who never spoke, contenting himself with smiling maliciously when the prisoners addressed some word to him. Violin music enlivened the dinner and supper, which were dished up on a lavish service of silver stamped with the freebooter's coat of arms. In his cabin, Drake had comforts of all kinds and perfumed waters and articles of luxury, many of them gifts of Queen Elizabeth. His companions adored him; he was very good to everybody, but at the same time, very rigid in discipline. Zárate said that Drake was "one of the greatest navigators who sails the seas, both in rank and in ability to command," and Nunho da Silva qualified him as "a man so deeply versed in the art of the sea that no one is known who is more so." The *Golden Hind* was an excellent ship of some two hundred tons, with thirty pieces of artillery and a great store of ammunition and arms of all kinds. The crew consisted of eighty-six chosen and highly skilled men, among whom were carpenters and caulkers and even painters to sketch scenes along the coast.

Continuing his triumphal voyage, Drake, in passing, sacked the port of Guatulco, México, where he set Nunho da Silva at liberty; and, after reaching parallel forty-three of north latitude in search of a passage to the Atlantic ocean, he sailed to the Moluccas in 1579; he reached Ternate in November and Java in March, 1580; he doubled the cape of Good Hope in June, and, after touching the Guinea coast and the Terceras islands, he anchored at Plymouth on September 26.

Drake's appearance on the Pacific spread panic from Chile to México; for if, indeed, the pirates had already committed their terrible depredations upon the American shores of the Atlantic, with the exception of Oxenham, who crossed the isthmus of Darién from Ancla to the gulf of San Miguel in 1577, no one had succeeded in penetrating the southern sea, which was considered inviolable; but when once the secret of the passage through the strait of Magellan became known, the wealth of Perú lay at the mercy of their incursions, and no vessel could again safely navigate

the seas which, from the time of Vasco Núñez de Balboa, had been plowed by Spanish ships only. So it became necessary to exterminate, at all hazards, the daring freebooter who had just gained possession of so dangerous a secret and had robbed to the extent of millions. The viceroy of Mexico and the president of the *audiencia* of Guatemala immediately took up arms to give chase; and, although Drake had made no mystery of his purpose to return to Europe through the chimerical strait of Bacalao or by way of China, the two intelligent functionaries did not believe him, don Martín Enríquez maintaining that he lay hidden on the coasts of the kingdom of Guatemala, and Attorney Valverde, with more discernment, that he had gone to California.

The task of Attorney Valverde was much more arduous than that of don Martín Enríquez, because the kingdom of Guatemala was totally lacking in war materials, and it was necessary to improvise them at all speed. From the copper of the tomahawks used by the Indians good cannon were cast in the capital in order to arm two ships and one galleass; powder was brought from México; muskets, culverins and supplies were collected; two hundred men were enlisted under the command of don Diego de Herrera. Among them was to be found the second *adelantado*[3] of Costa Rica, don Gonzalo Vázquez de Coronado. When everything was ready, it was transmitted to the port of Zonzonate, where were waiting the vessels, the troops from the cities of San Salvador and San Miguel, commanded by don Diego de Guzmán, and the governor of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, Diego de Artieda, who was to serve as admiral. Shortly afterward arrived also two other vessels and three hundred men, sent by the viceroy of Nueva España.

About the end of July, 1579—preparations being completed—the fleet was ordered to proceed to the port of Istapa, where the president of the *audiencia* was to review it before it set out in search of Drake, under command of a fourth Diego —for this was also the Christian name of the *oidor* García de Palacio—who, after having fortified the Realejo, on receiving notice of the presence of the freebooter in the neighborhood of the port, had gone to Zonzonate to organize the enterprise. Attorney Palacio, the writer of a very interesting description of the province Guatemala addressed to Felipe II, was reputed to be a man of activity, and well informed both in legal and governmental affairs and in military subjects, an opinion justified by several of his pamphlets and two books that he published in México some years later upon the art of war on sea and land; but, as is often the case, the deeds of Attorney Palacio were not always in keeping with the excellences of the theories he entertained. On August 2, the eve of the day set for the sailing of the armada, he declared himself seriously ill, saying that one of his legs and one of his arms were swollen. Whether this story was true or not, there was ground to question it, judging by what Attorney Valverde wrote to the king upon the subject:

> Many told me that Attorney Palacio was not ill at all. . . . I mention this to your majesty because Attorney Palacio has written a book upon military science, and they tell me that he has sent it to your majesty, and he makes a great to-do over his knowledge of things military both on sea and land; and in the service of your majesty, saying and doing are by no means one and the same thing.

After this farce in one act, the fleet lay at Istapa. It set out thence commanded by don Diego de Herrera, on August 7, in pursuit of Drake, who had been sailing for a month toward the seas of China.

For fifteen years more Drake must go on dealing heavy blows to the Spanish power in Europe and America. With untiring activity and cruelty he sacked the city of Vigo, attacked Cartagena de Indias, took possession of the island of Santo Domingo, ravaged the coast of Florida, burned a hundred ships in the bay of Cádiz, contributed as much as anybody to the destruction of the Invincible Armada, attacked Coruña, disembarked at Lisbon

[3] A word without exact equivalent in English—often used in the early days of the Spanish colonies to designate some times the military and civil governor of a frontier province and at others the president or chief justice of a certain kingdom, province or district, in time of peace, and the captain-general, in time of war.—THE EDITOR.

and preyed everywhere upon ships laden with treasure. His execrated name resounded to the remotest corners of the Spain of Felipe II, like the tolling of bells to announce the decline of the formidable greatness achieved by the Catholic sovereigns and the emperor Carlos V.

Drake returned once more to the West Indies, the scene of his former achievements, but fickle fortune no longer smiled upon him. He suffered one defeat at the Canaries and another off Puerto Rico, where his master and companion Hawkins died. He retaliated by setting fire to Río Hacha, Santa Marta and Nombre de Dios. His men, who disembarked to attack Panamá by land, came off completely routed, and then he set sail for Porto-Bello. In sight of the harbor, he was attacked by dysentery, which ended his life and his vengeance, at four o'clock, on the morning of January 28, 1595. Drake died at sea, as he was born, and his mortal remains repose, inclosed in a coffin of lead, in the middle of the bay of Porto-Bello, beneath the waters that rocked the caravels of Christopher Columbus in 1502.

Like Morgan, Davis, Sharpe and many others, Drake made war upon the Spaniards in time of absolute peace, and he was therefore a freebooter; nevertheless, he is not to be classed with ordinary cut-throats. Because of his conduct—generous and courteous on many occasions—he was the knight-errant of piracy, at the same time as a distinguished navigator and a great soldier. His very enemies, upon whom he wrought such damage, thus judged him. No less a person than Lope de Vega sang the deeds of the terrible Englishman in his poem *La dragonada*—a tribute of Spanish knightliness—which could only be conceived of in those heroic and chivalric times; for what should we say to-day of a German poet who would sing the victories of Sir David Beatty?

ANTECEDENTS OF ARGENTINE HISTORY

A good illustration of the contention that no institution can be understood without a knowledge of its history. To know Argentina, the author holds, one must not only be acquainted with her history in America, but also with her European antecedents—Spanish, of course, but also English, French, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish—and to appreciate her difficulties and her achievements, one must make comparison between Spanish and English ideals and motives, laws, customs and methods, as embodied and developed in the great nation of the extreme south and the great nation of the extreme north of the continent; his plea for the establishment of a chair of history, in which emphasis shall be laid upon the study of national antecedents, is based upon impressive data; and students will be interested in his marshaling of widely separated facts and his striking juxtaposing of seemingly unrelated events.—*The Editor.*

THE study of the history of Spain can not in itself serve as an antecedent of American history. The New World came into being, it has been developed and it exists as the result of manifold phenomena into which enter very complex factors, and only by a careful analysis of the causes can one succeed in understanding the development of this continent.

The history of Spain constitutes in itself a monument of varied facts, many of which sustain no direct relation to us. There are others that affect us so directly that they are even to-day the object of studies necessary to a comprehension of the make-up of our society and our life; and it is to this particular kind of facts that we ought to devote our attention as investigators.

Neither in what we are wont to call the history of Spain nor even in the general histories is anything said of the constitution of societies; the forms which the government adopts; the way in which matrimony and the other sex unions are contracted; the rights of children; or the participation of woman in the collective life; nor is there any discussion of the psychology of crowds. Great battles and memorable events are described, but the degree of any people's education during each period passes unobserved; and there is not the slightest reference made to the state of agriculture, industry and the arts; nor does any one concern himself with legislation in general, much less with labor and social legislation; nor is there mention of the routes followed by the currents of traffic, the infallible indications of human progress.

Our laws, our customs, our language and all our particular manner of being did not spring up by spontaneous generation; they are consequences, rather, of premises laid down ages ago in distant countries; and many anomalies—incomprehensible to those who have not taken the trouble to trace the antecedents to their epochs—seem natural and logical enough, and even necessary, if our minds have lingered for a while upon the study of the precise themes of history that serve us as bridges over which the investigator of the nebulosities of the past crosses to the splendors of the present time.

However, the history of Spain is not the only one that can interest us. The history of France, that of England and even that of Holland, Sweden and Denmark, are intimately connected with the history of this continent. Some of them are the complements and explanations of the others: keys, as it were, to the conduct of each government, friendly or hostile. Commerce in great fleets is not the result of caprice, but of necessity. The British navigation act, based upon the practice of piracy, subjected Hispano-American trade to slavery for two centuries.

In books and lectures and in magazine and newspaper articles, there is constant mention of Magna Charta, of the rights of man, of the *habeas corpus* act and of liberty and democracy; but only by an analytical study of the constitutions and customs of each people can we arrive at a conviction of the true origin of liberty; only by a comparative parallel, exact and impartial, will youthful Argentines be able to learn anything regarding the first

place upon earth where men were free as the natural consequence of their moral and intellectual elevation.

THE PROPRIETY OF ESTABLISHING A COURSE IN "AMERICAN ANTECEDENTS"

The study of the history of Spain does not solve the problem of clearing up the obscure points in our past. What is lacking is a course, for teachers rather than for students, in which should be analyzed, compared and determined the origin of our society and of our institutions and customs, a course in "American Antecedents," the basis of the specialization of Argentine history.

America did not spring from the foam of the seas by the magic art of enchantment. From the most remote antiquity, the idea of the existence of lands to westward of the Old World preoccupied humanity. Beginning with Pytheas, in the year 340 before our era, down to Columbus, there were myriads of stakes set up along the road to the discovery of this continent. Several indigenes of these American lands reached Rome in the year 62 before Christ, and the historians Mela and Pliny concerned themselves extensively with them. The Scandinavians colonized Vinland in the year 1000 of our era, and Canon Adam Bremen wrote before 1076 a book in which he described very curious details of what to-day constitutes North America; and when Columbus snatched this world from the unknown of the waters, the world discovered by him already possessed sixteen Catholic bishops who followed each other in succession in their diocese, and there were already ancient ruins of schools and convents, and America could even then boast of martyrs and saints.

While in the north of this continent there was being developed a rudimentary European civilization, there were springing up in the rest of the New World social movements of immense importance for the future of these regions, at the same time that in the Old World, among the peoples called upon later to colonize these countries, there was being initiated a new civil and political life under many different aspects; and without being acquainted with these facts in detail it is impossible to realize how those modalities reappear among us at the conclusion of the several centuries that have elapsed.

This is the part of history that Spanish-Americans ought to know in its least details, if they desire to form an idea of the sources of their respective patrias.

The narrow limits prescribed do not permit us to develop a plan of studies. We shall do no more than blaze the way. This will suffice to demonstrate that it is necessary to establish a course in the antecedents of our history.

The first vestiges of Toltec civilization appeared in México in the year 577 of our era. Of that date are the palaces whose ruins are admired to-day, as in like manner the remains of monuments that show the progress attained in astronomy and other branches of learning among the indigenes; and these expressions of the intellectuality of the Americans coincided with the embodiment of municipal liberty in Spain, the right of popular franchise, the establishment of justices of the peace and the recognition of the jurisdiction of each town, with its own judicial rights, at the close of the eighth century.

In the year 1000, disappeared the Toltec civilization in México, at the same time that the Normans established themselves in the present United States. The Chichimecas extended their dominion over what to-day forms the Mexican republic, and twenty years after this event of so much importance in the history of America, that is, in 1020, assembled the council of León, which was in turn to influence so greatly the forms later applied to the constitution of this New World of ours. It was the first council held in Spain, counting from the Arab invasion; and upon the twenty laws sanctioned there were laid the foundations of the juridical constitution of the kingdom of León; just as the thirty-one ministerial ordinances drawn up at that council form the superb charter of the capital, that is, the first legalized and protocoled germ of the juridical existence of the *cabildos*,[1] destined to be of

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[1]See INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 148, footnote 3.—THE EDITOR.

so startling an importance in the political constitution of the New World.

In 1050, the council of Coyanza met; prelates and nobles voted together upon affairs connected with civil government, and it was a true national parliament, very much earlier than any other upon earth.

In 1062, the Peruvian Inca Manco Capac ceased to reign, almost at the same time that King Ramiro I of Aragón called together the council of Jaca, the first assembly of which the history of the world takes account in which not only participated nobles and prelates, but also the popular elements of all the inhabitants of the town, the first written recognition of the part taken by the commons in the direction of governments.

While the Iberian democracies were thus winning their rights and franchises, the English free yeomanry succumbed, at the battle of Hastings in 1066, and William the Conqueror distributed the 60,215 baronies among his Norman warriors, six years before the legendary vow of Santa Gadea where, according to the chronicles, the Cid exacted of the king of Castilla and León the oath not to take any part in the assassination of his brother.

In 1091, died the Peruvian Inca Sinchi Roca, and about that time the American lands were the theater of upheavals and revolts more important than those that occurred in the old continent during the period included between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries.

So firm and powerful was the constitution of the municipalities of Aragón before the beginning of the twelfth century, that is, in 1100, that communities or confederations of several cities were already formed to defend their rights against the abuses of the nobles or the prepotencies of royalty; so that when the Peruvian Inca Lleque Yupangui left the throne in 1126, the Spanish popular classes had already come, through the direct representation of their municipalities, to have a voice and a vote in the policy of their respective patrias, without being under aristocratic tyranny, as happened in the whole of the Europe of the same period. In 1133, the commons obtained representation in the *cortes* of Aragón, while in Navarra, from 1134, the popular deputies received fees paid by the towns whose interests were placed in their custody.

In 1156, the Peruvian Inca Maita Capac ceased to reign; and four years later, in 1160, were held the *cortes* of Burgos, in which good men and representative of the commons were the really directing elements; and it was their vote which outweighed that of the magnates and prelates. These *cortes* provided that no tribute might be laid upon the cities without the express consent of those who represented them. The people now assumed the legislative power and determined the forms of administration; and it ought to be borne in mind that this occurred more than a century before the holding of the parliament of Leicester, where an ephemeral representation of the people was achieved for the first time in the political history of Great Britain.

In 1190, appeared the Aztec people upon the table-land of Anáhuac, and there entered a new element into the civilization of the American indigenes, while the Norman colonization in North America was extending and progressing, and while municipal life was taking root and acquiring a new consideration throughout all Spain, as is shown by the *cortes* of Zaragoza in 1163, and by the very notable ones termed a parliament, gathered in 1134, to designate a successor to the throne. So sovereign were those *cortes* that the monk Ramiro left his order and came forth from the convent to wear the Aragonese crown; he was married and he lived in wedlock until a daughter was born to him, whom the *cortes* married to the count of Barcelona, who was forty years older than his wife, in order that the marriage might be dissolved and the king again assume the habit in the convent of Montearagón.

When the Peruvian Inca Capac Yupanqui ceased to reign in 1167, the universities of all Europe were seeking inspiration at the Spanish centers of learning. Berceo wrote his poems—from which Dante afterward took his theme and meter—and at the same time that the cities of the Iberian peninsula were living together in complete Christian peace and harmony—Jews, Mohammedans, Mozar-

abs, Mudéjares,[2] with rights and laws and jurisdictions of their own—there were burned in England, in a single night and in the single city of London, two hundred and sixty Jews, and all their goods were confiscated; 70,500 were expelled; and Israelite worship was not again permitted to be exercised until the time of Cromwell.

In 1214, King Jaime I of Aragón assembled the *cortes* of Lérida, in which nobles and prelates and ten representatives of each city took part; and in 1215, a year later, John Lackland, king of England, granted the famous Magna Charta, a purely aristocratic privilege in which there was slight concern with the rights of the people.

The Peruvian Inca Roco Rea ceased to reign in 1269; and a year later Jaime I of Aragón drew up a code in Huesca, in which the popular freedom and rights were amplified; and in 1250, liberty was strengthened still more in Aragón, Valencia and Cataluña, and codes of the laws of each of these kingdoms were published, and the *forum judicum* was modernized in Castilla to give life to the *Siete Partidas*,[3] whence emanated our present legislation.

In respect of the family life, we also find ourselves, when we study American history, in the presence of inexplicable facts, if we do not give heed to the traditions of the peoples who colonized these countries. The same struggle with the Moors and life in common with them, whether in the cities conquered by the Mohammedans or in those that fell later into the hands of the Spaniards, gave rise to forms in the constitution of the family which reappeared here in subsequent ages when the similarity of the circumstances rendered it necessary or useful to proceed in a like manner. The rudeness of the Norman conquerors established in England modalities that were later passed on to her colonies in this New World.

The union of the sexes in Spain assumed there distinct forms, all of them legal.

There existed the matrimony with ecclesiastical blessing, that of vows and that of concubinage; and the three forms were juridically equal in many towns, since local decisions alone could regulate what related to inheritances, the recognition of children and the rights of the woman chosen by each man to be his life companion. The defenders of divorce, those who demand the investigation of paternity, all the more modern ideas, are to be found already legislated upon in the Spanish constitution, and all of them relive in this land of the Indies, legitimizing generations of *mestizos* born of unions not so illegal as they are held to be by those who do not know the inwardness of history.

The schools of medicine and sciences at Córdoba, the studies of Alfonso el Sabio, and the literary studies of Berceo and the kings of Aragón were the sources of the universities of Salamanca, Palencia, Montpellier and Lérida, and those generations of learned men were the ones who emigrated with Oviedo and Father Acosta to these regions to give, from the first days of the conquest of America, proofs of a science not sufficiently admired by us, although well informed foreigners praise and glorify it.

In 1270, Alfonso el Sabio elevated Castilian to the rank of the national language when he made of this language a literary instrument, and Jaime of Aragón conquered the nobles in their last efforts by relying upon the strength of the municipalities, whereby feudalism received its death-blow; and this occurred five years after the holding of the parliament of Leicester, called thus because it was in Leicester that the earl of Leicester assembled it to fight against the king and the higher nobility.

This was a notable parliament, and we must study it in detail. For the first time, representatives of the cities, or rather of a city, participated; and that assembly is credited—foolishly, it is true—with being the source of the universal freedom that men enjoy to-day.

The attention of thinkers has been directed to the curious fact of the surprising

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[2]Mohammedans who became subjects of Christian sovereigns and lived among Christians without changing their religion, just as the Mozarabs were Christians who lived under Moorish sovereigns and among the Moors without changing their religion.—THE EDITOR.

[3]Laws compiled by Alfonso el Sabio, divided into seven *partidas* or parts; they form the code of Castilla.—THE EDITOR.

similarity between what was transacted in that parliament and what had already been accomplished in Aragón; and Sarmiento himself marveled at the likeness between the institutions of the English colonies upon this continent and the formulas employed by our ancestors when they constituted their municipalities.

The explanation could not be simpler than it is, and only because of myopia has it been able to escape notice. The earl of Leicester was thus named because of his marriage with the daughter of the king of England. His family name was Simon de Montfort, and this is sufficient to explain to us what has appeared to be so mysterious. Simon de Montfort, the grandfather[4] of the earl of Leicester who called the celebrated parliament, was the leader of the French crusaders against the Albigensian heretics of Toulouse and the south of France. Master of Béziers and Carcassonne, after defeating and killing the king of Aragón in the battle of Muret, he held the cities mentioned in fief as a vassal of the Aragonese crown, and there is no doubt that both he and his son and successor in the earldom must have received more than one affront from the "justice" of the "good men," the representatives of the rights of citizens, when they placed obstacles in the way of their aristocratic and feudal tyrannies.

When Simon de Montfort, in his capacity as earl of Leicester, had to fight against the king of England, supported by the militia of London, it was natural for him to revive upon Saxon soil the customs that had irked him so much in his childhood. It was logical to recall the power of the people and to recognize it, since to it he would owe his hope of victory, and the "good men" and a "magistrate," with identical powers with the "justice" of Aragón, began to appear in the history of Great Britain, although the existence of both was ephemeral; and that parliament was no more than a longing of the enslaved people; but as the earl was beaten a few days later at the battle of Evesham, the seed of Aragonese liberty, transplanted there by Leicester after only a few decades, disappeared from the political scene, not to reappear.

These and a thousand other antecedents, which can not be found in the history of Spain nor would logically fall within it, are those that we need to make known among students and professors; and only by a plan of comparison, fact by fact and epoch by epoch, can be conveyed to the conviction of youth the true conception of what our forefathers were and of their deeds upon this American soil.

The *encomiendas*, upon which so much has been written, existed not only in the peninsula but everywhere upon the earth. The *mita* was a common form of servitude general throughout the world, and it continued to exist in Europe in certain regions after it was suppressed in the Indies.

THE INQUISITION AND NATIONAL UNITY IN SPAIN PROVOKED THE EXPANSION OF DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM IN AMERICA

The conquest of Granada, with the union of the two monarchies and the strengthening of the royal power, while it gave a last and fatal blow to the aristocracy, also tended to limit the popular freedom and powers. Religious intransigence was born and became rooted in Spain, with the destruction of the kingdom of Granada. The necessity of constituting a national unity upon the basis of religion—the only common bond—explains the inquisition; and Spain, the last Christian country to admit it, has had the reputation of being the only country that possessed it.

The persecutions of the Jews and Mohammedans incorporated definitively with the national culture all the learning of the Israelites and the Moors, and thousands of those who were persecuted passed over to America, where the inquisition never became cruel or annoying. The first explorer of lands in the Indies was the converted Jew Luis de Torres, and the very persistency of all the chronologists to make it out that such and such a person was a Christian of long standing proves how many were the converts, Moors and Israelites, who emigrated to those countries.

The death of the prince don Juan delivered the crown of the Spains to foreign

[4] Rather, the father.—THE EDITOR.

dynasties, and the wars of the *comunidades* and of the *germanías* or *hermandades* forced the most zealous defenders of the rights of the *cabildos* and municipalities to emigrate. Local autonomy, regionalism, Iberian individualism, revived with vigor on this side of the seas, and the first capitular act that crossed the ocean—the one written by the founders of Veracruz, even before digging for the foundations of what was to be changed into a miserable village, the embryo of the populous city—clearly set forth to the sovereign that it was the popular will that ruled here, and that Cortés was deposed from the office which had been bestowed upon him by the governor of Cuba in the name of the king, in order to exercise the function of captain-general with an appointment made by the *cabildo* of a city that did not exist. The recognition of this strange decision shows the vigorous life with which municipal autonomy was instituted in America. The Spanish democratic customs and the example of the free cities erected upon the frontiers of the territories newly wrested from the Moors revived with greater strength in this New World. The mere fact of crossing the sea established the uniformity of classes and created a democracy haughty and jealous of its rights and privileges. If there be any doubt in this respect, let the acts of the *cabildo* of Buenos Aires be consulted, and in it will be found examples of disobedience to the royal authority freely justified by voluminous reports of the bishop.

Spaniards begot Spaniards. The color of the skin means nothing to a people accustomed to crossings of races, in whom kings themselves mated with Moors, in whom it was necessary to establish concubinage and marriage by vows in order to legitimatize children born of love, in whom the adulterous son enjoyed rights and in whom adultery furnished ground for absolute divorce, with the right to contract a new marriage.

THE WORK OF THE IBERIAN INTELLECTUALITY IN AMERICA: THE INFLUENCE OF ITALY

The necessity of preaching the gospel to Moors and Africans caused the monastic orders to be a center of polyglotism in the convents of Spain. Thus is explained how it was that the first thing that the monks did when they reached the land of the Indies was to learn the local languages. They did nothing more than follow the traditions of the order. The copper-colored Indians or brown Africans were all one to the learned priests. The marvelous development acquired in the study of the aboriginal languages in a very short time is in no sense remarkable, if we recall that those monks had made a vow to learn and to teach. They discharged their duty without taking the least account of the effort involved.

Spanish navigators have surprised modern scholars by the precision and daring shown in their voyages of discovery. He who knows the history of the progress of the sciences related to navigation does not wonder at such things. In addition to the purely Spanish sciences, we must attribute to the navigators who rescued these countries from the unknown all the knowledge accumulated by the studious Italians; and the history of Italy, which seems to have nothing in common with that of America, is the one that it is most important for us to know. Not only was Italy the cradle of the arts, but it was also that of the sciences. There has not been a decisive step along the road of progress that was not initiated in Italy, and for several centuries the transfusion of civilization from Italy to the races of the world was very notable. Thence have come many ideas and inventions with which egoistic nations are to-day honored. Let us be just and take at first hand the materials for our history, without attributing to another great Latin nation merits that were not hers.

Iberian intellectuality, literary traditions, devotion to philosophy and history, which have characterized Spaniards of all ages, have borne splendid fruit here since the first years of the colonies. Santo Domingo, México and Lima had universities half a century after this continent was discovered. The creole bibliography of the first centuries is astonishing, and the language of the American writers is remarkable for its purity, in comparison with the infinitude of Gallicisms introduced into Spain by the house of Burgundy and

the Burgundian guard of the French Carlos V, who has been erroneously considered German.

In many of the codes of insignificant towns of Aragón and Castilla, exists proof that there were public schools from the earliest times. Tradition traces the establishment of these institutions back to the first years of the reconquest. What is indeed proven is that in Castelló, Figueras and other Catalonian towns, the municipalities maintained the primary schools, according to the testimony of writings that date from 1321. Knowing this, it is not strange that the settlers of Buenos Aires should have installed their school in 1605; nor will it cause surprise that already in 1524 the first schools for Indians were founded in México; nor that Friar Pedro de Gante edited and illustrated a very remarkable primer that seems to have been planned by the modern heralds of objective teaching.

Agriculture and industry, ancient and perfected in Spain, became established here with the first years. America was discovered in 1492, and in 1493, it already had hydraulic mills, the Camino de los Hidalgos was traced out and all kinds of plants, brought from the Old World, were being harvested. The first emigrants who came with Columbus upon his second voyage brought all the materials for the formation of a new colony. Cortés, in his first *Carta de redacción*, already spoke of the agricultural future of the region which he explored and desired to conquer; and Pizarro acclimated vineyards and olive groves in Perú, at the same time that he was founding cities and building asylums and convents.

The public works constructed in the Roman period were the example and pattern which were of great service here in spreading civilization over this continent. The works for the drainage of México, executed in 1600, and the bridges still in use across the Mapocho[5] and the Rímac[6] are faithful witnesses to the knowledge and experience of those men.

Mining, in which Spain was the most advanced of the nations of primitive times, found here a splendid field in which to spread and operate. Let it be understood that not only were gold and silver exploited in the Indies; iron, copper and mercury were taken out in sufficient quantities to meet the local needs, and the practice of amalgamation sprang up in America, as well as all the industries designed to benefit the metals obtained.

There is no way of explaining all these necessary antecedents in a mere simple history of Spain; nor even if one should pass lightly over many points, would he be able to present a systematic comparison, without which the history of peoples says nothing and is worth nothing.

THE SPANISH COLONIZATION IN THE NEW WORLD WAS SUPERIOR TO THAT OF OTHER PEOPLES

The diversity of the traditions of each of the nations that took part in the colonization of the new continent gave rise to notable differences in the ways of extending their dominions.

The religious principles in which every one found inspiration were like the two different compasses that indicated diverse routes. It is necessary to make a very thorough and impartial investigation of the performances of the Spanish, French, English, Dutch, and of their different American colonies in order to appreciate the degree of virtue of each race.

The customs of Iberian freedom and independence did not permit here the existence of a common people or proletariat of European origin, however much mixed it might be, if the culture, fortune or any other of the conditions that are sufficient in all epochs to establish social differences concurred to include within the ranks of the privileged any one who might have risen from the lower classes.

Labor customs in the English colonies, the aristocraticalness and rigidity of the gentlemen of Virginia and the lack of missionaries to convert the Indians and incorporate them with the civil life created in those establishments class distinctions and forms of servitude unknown in Spanish America and overlooked to-day by the larger part

[5] A small stream that flows through Santiago, Chile.—THE EDITOR.

[6] A river of slight proportions that well nigh loses itself in Lima, Perú, and from which the name of the city is said to have been derived.—THE EDITOR.

of those who are considered learned. The "indentured" were nothing more than slaves during the seven years for which they were bound. It would be well to establish a parallel between the state of those unhappy whites and that of the negroes subjected here to the *encomiendas* or the *mita*. Perhaps many bandages that obstruct the vision of our children would fall away.

Spain always based her legislation upon the idea of privileges, immunities, exemptions or facilities and advantages for each new locality, but the privileged person was not favored by the prohibition of competition. When the Indies were incorporated with the Spanish dominions, no attempt was made to produce only what the mother-country did not yield or to possess colonies that would supply what the peninsula did not produce. From the first years, wheat was cultivated in Española (Hispaniola); and sugar-cane, the wealth of the meads of Valencia during those years, was acclimatized and it produced magnificent crops in the Antilles. The vineyards produced must in Buenos Aires, and if the wines of Córdoba and Castilla were prohibited here, it was only because it was thus ordered by the *cabildo*, to prevent foreign competition. The king recommended the acclimatization of hemp and other plants in Trinidad that were considered to be adapted to fostering the wealth of the country. Industry achieved extraordinary development from the earliest years in México and Perú, without any restrictions being placed upon local initiative. Trade was carried on between colony and colony, with clearly defined restrictions, much exaggerated by those who treat of them, and Chile and Argentina were in constant communication, as Argentina was with Alto Perú[7] Paraguay and Uruguay. The exportation of gold was prohibited, and at the beginning commerce was prohibited, on principle, without being subjected to definite restrictions. If we compare each of these points with what occurred in the English colonies and in Canada, we shall perhaps be forced to recognize that these Spanish-American countries enjoyed liberties and exemptions that were not enjoyed in those days by any other peoples of the earth.

[7]Upper Perú, now Bolivia.—The Editor.

Without the least idea of advancing opinions, which should be based only upon a thorough and impartial collation of data, we will merely say that the industry of the manufacture of hats, established in North America from the first years, as a natural consequence of the abundance of beaver skins, was prohibited by the government of the mother-country in view of the development it was acquiring. Those colonies, as the historians of the United States say, and as the English and French corroborate, were planted with the idea of producing what the mother-country did not yield, and never for the cultivation of what England produced.

An extended study of this particular theme will demonstrate with absolute clearness the falsity of assertions in favor of the supposed commercial, industrial and political liberty of the countries colonized by peoples other than the Spanish.

The minute and systematic study of the antecedents of our national history, that is, of American history from the discovery until the glorious day of May 8,[8] ought to take into view all the factors that enter into so complex a subject.

We know something of what took place among us, but we are ignorant of how the countries peopled by other races developed. The legend of backwardness and oppression in the countries inhabited by the creoles has been created, and the establishments of the north of this continent are painted as models of liberty and progress. The detailed comparison of every industry, every art, every profession, year by year, would assign things to their proper places, and there is not the least doubt that another and very different impression would be the one which our school children would receive, if the teacher were to explain to them that there were universities in Santo Domingo, Lima and México a century before the founding of Harvard university, the earliest of the United States; that there existed printing-presses in this Spanish America a hundred years before the setting up of those of the North American union; that Perú and México possessed industries such as glass manufacture and

[8]The allusion is to May 25, 1810, when freedom was proclaimed by the Argentine patriots.—The Editor.

other industries a century before the Venetians went to establish themselves in England; that the Universidad de Córdoba is twenty-three years older than the first university of the British colonies; that the most enlightened European scientific academies felt honored to count many creoles among their most esteemed members; that de Candolle acquired and copied for his works Meciño's drawings of the flora of Guatemala; that Linnæus was extraordinarily partial to the works and papers of Mutis, whom he inscribed as a member of the academy of sciences of Stockholm; that Humboldt dedicated to him his geography of plants, calling him the "illustrious patriarch of botany;" that when the learned Abbé Chapé—sent by the academy of Paris to study an eclipse of the moon that ought to be visible in California, July 18, 1769—encountered there the *mestizo* don Joaquín Cárdenas, he had to recognize that there existed, in backward Spanish America, creoles who, without leaving their country, had mastered the most difficult problems of astronomy and rectified the mistakes of the most famous academicians; that when the celebrated Jenner discovered vaccine in 1796, vaccination had already been practised in these countries from 1765 with so much success that the Chilean priest Pedro Chaparra had saved five thousand persons who had been attacked by smallpox during an epidemic that swept over Santiago, Chile, during the year 1765 just mentioned, while Antonio Guill y Gonzaga was governor; that when, not two months ago, a yacht was sent by the Carnegie Institution to visit the port of Buenos Aires in order to make its notable studies in terrestrial magnetism, it did nothing more than continue the very remarkable labors of our ancient pilots, and carry forward what the Casa de Contratación had been doing, that is, perfect and modernize the map of magnetic variations of Alonso de Santa Cruz, published in 1539, and rectify the celebrated theory of Halley, the great English savant, the discoverer of the four magnetic poles, a dreary gloss of what had already been written in 1589 in these backward Indies by the forgotten Father Acosta who, in his astonishing *Historia natural*, said that "there exist four lines without declination," in view of which it cost the highly regarded Briton little to deduce his four poles; that the astronomical observatory of Santa Fe de Bogotá, erected at the end of the eighteenth century, was the only one upon all this continent for more than half a century; that there were newspapers in México earlier than in London; and, finally, that the much heralded Pestalozzi system, like ten thousand other novelties, is nothing more than a crude imitation of what had been done in these American regions by our heroic and highly cultivated ancestors.

The history of the backwardness and ignorance of these countries has been recorded; and it is the history of their intellectuality and their glory that yet remains to be written; and, as knowledge of this kind can not be drawn from the simple history of Spain, but rather from the parallel between the activities engaged in by Hispano-Americans and other peoples in all the realms in which cultivated nations express their initiative, in order that the truth of our very honorable past may shine forth, we consider proper a scrupulous, methodical and full analysis of legislations, cultures, customs, servitudes, liberties, commerce, institutions and progresses of all kinds, not only of this part of the New World colonized by our predecessors, but also of all America from pole to pole, the only means of clearing up the unknown realms that contribute so much to obscure the antecedents of our genealogy.

The task seems arduous, but it can be simplified in a notable manner, if a call be issued to all the men of good will who are concerned with the education of their children and the glories of the country in which they were born. There are not lacking investigators whose greatest pleasure will be to coöperate in the patriotic enterprise; and coming generations will bless throughout all ages the memory of those who shall revindicate the honorable traditions of the race.

A WEDDING IN THE QUECHUA GREAT WORLD

BY

ALFREDO PALACIOS MENDOZA

Into some region of that pale, but still interesting, modern survival of the mysterious and romantic world of the Quechuas, the author leads us, circuitously, along dizzy precipices, over rough trails, beneath beetling crags, in order that we may witness a scene so primitive, so regional, so unrelated with our sophisticated world as not only to be interesting, but even moving and refreshing.—*The Editor.*

IT WAS seven o'clock in the morning when we set out for the village of Huaillas. The cavalcade was strung in an extended train along the trails cut in the living rock, and the mountain basin gathered up, as in a sounding box, the noise produced by that hundred or so horsemen in all the registers of the human voice, from the subdued murmur natural to confidences to the stertorous shouts uttered by the stragglers to attract the attention of some friend who rode at the head of the interminable column. Along the edge of the road rose the huts of the Indians, with their earthen color and their miserable aspect. At the doors already smoked the fagots of wood, sending up into the blue sublimity of the morning thick columns of smoke, which softly faded away.

The disturbance produced in the solemn silence of the mountains by the noisy caravan as it passed brought to the doors of their huts Indians who loitered indolently, spreading their arms in the form of a cross and viewing with surprise that motley and vociferous party. An Indian woman, doubtless the most diligent of her home, who was milking a cow, offered us from a distance, in a rustic gourd vessel, the noble liquid, while she smiled with a good-natured expression. The men looked on taciturnly, as if suspicious of these outsiders who were invading their domains. The sheep-dogs barked furiously with forebodings of imaginary attacks.

Matinal sweetness wrapped the scene in lovely enchantment. The sun poured its shower of gold into the dells, which thrust their green tints amid the rocks, as a prodigy of nature. The *tàracchis*[1] sang their harmonious melodies, and thrushes of dark, lustrous plumage slowly rent the air in straight and sustained flight.

At the head of the bustling party rode the patroness of Pitantorilla, the sponsor, with the *cura* of Huaillas, who was to perform the ceremony.

After a wearisome climb of two hours, we at length reached the end of the ascent. There the mountain spread out in a vast table-land, and upon it appeared suddenly the village of Huaillas. The aspect of the village was magnificent. Water from the mountain, brought down in a murmuring rivulet, fertilized a myriad of successive gardens, with their broad beds of strawberries, alfalfa and vegetables, bordered by peach-trees, apple-trees and plum-trees, as if those regions lay along the Cachimayo, and not upon the rocky and arid summits of the cordillera.

In the distance could be made out the festive house, dressed with little white and red flags and ornamented with great bunches of *molle*.[2] Amid the melancholy plaints of the *quenas*[3] could be heard the blatant strains of a band of *sicuris*,[4] who

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[1]Quechua: a species of thrush; the Spanish equivalent is *zorzal*.—THE EDITOR.

[2]A stocky, leafy tree that abounds throughout South America, whose fruit, when ripe, is not unlike black pepper in appearance and taste and which is used by the Indians to give strength to their drinks.—THE EDITOR.

[3]Primitive flageolets or pipes: short, rudely fashioned ordinarily and made of bones of human beings or beasts, or of reeds, clay or hollow wood.—THE EDITOR.

[4]Aimara: musicians, players upon the *quena*.—THE EDITOR.

intermittently executed dances, *cuecas*[5] and marches, and in which the sonorous tones of the bass drum stood out in rhythmic harmony. From time to time, the explosion of a fire-cracker sounded high in the air.

The house was the center of an extraordinary animation. The Indian women, dressed in simple *acsus*,[6] which left their arms, bosoms and the calves of their legs exposed, and with their waists girdled by wide *chumpis*[7] of vivid colors, carried at their backs their babies in *lliellas*[8] of thick wool, or they held them in their arms, suckling them. The heads of the women were covered with broad-brimmed *ampos*,[9] on which shone complicated allegories embroidered with seed bugles and gold and silver spangles, and silk of lively colors. Over their shoulders and backs fell like dead serpents, long plaits of coal-black hair.

The men wore crossed waistcoats of wool and *chutas*[10] of the same kind of fabric, and around their waists many-colored *chumpis*, and gathered about their shoulders were polychrome *ponchos*,[11] the garments for all occasions among the Quechuas, and those that constituted their luxury and their protection. Their dress was completed by semicircular *calapacus*[12] of grey leather, ornamented, like the women's hats, although with less display, and *ojotas*,[13] ample and coarse, of untanned leather. Down their backs fell the two *ʒapanas*,[14] long and well plaited, to the waist.

It was an animated spectacle—not unlike an Indian fair—noisy and many-hued. Some of the indigenes were coming and going from one place to another in ceaseless activity. Others formed groups about the musicians or the improvised dancers who were moving in lively dances accompanied by the hoarse strumming of the *charango*.[15] The rest, seated upon the floor, were drinking and talking, making forecasts about the weather and the next crops.

When the first horsemen arrived, the horses took fright at the enormous hubbub of the festival, but the Indians gathered rapidly, quieted the animals and assisted the riders to dismount.

Then began the courteous salutations, beginning with the patroness of Pitantorilla. They lifted their headdresses, bent their left knees to the ground and respectfully kissed the hand she extended to them. It might be likened to a ceremony of some ancient court, executed by disguised courtiers.

"*Ymaynacanqui, mamay?*"[16] they repeated with profound respect, remaining standing and uncovered before her.

Then they offered to every one *mates*[17] and *iriris*,[18] overflowing with yellow *chicha*,[19] and we went on to the house, where they were awaiting the happy pair who were to be married.

An hour later, the church of Huaillas set its bells flying—as upon the Saturday of Glory or of the Pascua Florida[20]—the sound falling upon the habitually quiet air of the village with a discordant din.

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[5]The *cueca*, in the regional Spanish of Chile, is a popular, colonial dance; the word, as the desigation of a Chilean dance, is now used in Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia; the corresponding Peruvian name of the dance is *marinera*.—THE EDITOR.

[6]Quechua: more correctly, *acshun*, overskirts.—THE EDITOR.

[7]Quechua: belts, girdles.—THE EDITOR.

[8]Quechua: square mantles, of a great variety of colors.—THE EDITOR.

[9]Quechua: hats.—THE EDITOR.

[10]Quechua: shirts.—THE EDITOR.

[11]Blankets, and, in recent years, covers of rubber cloth, with an opening in the center for the passage of the head: a term widely used in the South American countries and corresponding to the Mexican *sarape*.—THE EDITOR.

[12]Aimara: bag, pouch, corresponding to the Quechua *huaillcui*.—THE EDITOR.

[13]A regional word which corresponds to the Spanish *alpargatas*, sandals.—THE EDITOR.

[14]Quechua: queues.—THE EDITOR.

[15]A regional word expressive of a small guitar.—THE EDITOR.

[16]Quechua: "How art thou, mother?"—THE EDITOR.

[17]See INTER-AMERICA for April, 1920, page 206, the article entitled "Hierba Mate," by Andrés Blay Pigrau, note 6.—THE EDITOR.

[18]Quechua: jars, pitchers.—THE EDITOR.

[19]Quechua: a fermented drink, made of a variety of fruits; the Chilean *chicha* is made of the juice of ripe grapes, boiled and fermented. The Peruvian *chica*, or *chica de jora* (a corruption of *ʒara*, maize), is made from the sprouted, dried, ground, boiled, sweetened and fermented Indian corn.—THE EDITOR.

[20]Easter: the word *florida*, flowery, is added to distinguish the feast from La Pascua or Las Pascuas, Christmas.—THE EDITOR.

This was a salutation in honor of the wedding party, which was just arriving. At the head came the groom, very ill at ease, clad in garments and shoes that were not his own, but the property of a *cholo*[21] friend of the best man's, and he was wearing them for the first and only time. They were too rigid for the rudimentary indigenous etiquette and too generous for the anatomical proportions of the wearer. At his right strode the sponsor, with her amiable and worldly smile, convinced that if this was not the wedding at which she had shone thirty years before, with her singular elegance, the originality of the festival and the enthusiasm with which it was celebrated were sufficient compensation for the weariness of the journey.

Then came the bride and the best man. She was dressed as a *chola*: short, full skirt of light plush, tight *comodín*,[22] mantle of silk crape and shoes without heels. She was not ugly, being slender and well proportioned, in so far as the hyperbolical garments would permit one to divine. Her large, black, piercing eyes looked forth with soft sweetness.

The best man was a son-in-law of the sponsor's. Very punctilious and jovial, he played his rôle conscientiously, sure of himself and of the others in this ceremonious procession.

Commenting merrily upon the wedding, followed the other guests, paired by elective affinity, the band of *sicuris*, a crowd of *yockallas*,[23] who were setting off fireworks, and another of dogs that barked furiously bringing up the rear.

When they reached the church, the noise was deafening. The bells jangled with great fury, and dozens of fire-crackers and *camaretas*,[24] rolled in many colored and closely compacted paper, exploded with an infernal noise, while a swarm of uproarious children fanned the air with their *monteras*[25] and gave vent to resounding *huifas*.[26]

Great bushes of *karallantas*,[27] allowed to grow wild and left there by lazy neglect, had invaded the court. The floor inside the church was of brick. Upon the three altars—one of them frontal and the other two lateral—that absorbed the devotion of the faithful stood three crude sculptures of wood, known by tradition to be the images of San Marcos, Santa Barbara and San Juan, with no considerable difference between them. Knowledge regarding who they were was to be gained from the altars they occupied and the garments in which they were clad, since none but the habitual attendants could discover who it was that each of them represented. Dense layers of dust covered the yellow mantles of the altars. There was a penetrating smell of dampness in the corners, and great spider-webs gave assurance as to the propitious repose in which lived the humble and misanthropical fauna that delights in the calm solitude which is never invaded by the furious assaults of neatness.

A great organ with double bellows presided, from the choir, over the ceremonies of worship by observing a silence beyond all suspicion. No one remembered ever having heard it, and to some it was but a decorative piece of furniture that was in no way related to sonorous musical waves.

The multitude filled the temple. The devout and reverent humility of the Indians contrasted sharply with the impertinent curiosity of the expeditionaries, who exchanged impressions upon the peculiarities they observed in every detail.

Then the ceremony began. Through a small side door that communicated with the sacristy entered the parish priest with a flaming white and gold chasuble. He was followed by the acolytes, dressed in red surplices which reached only to their knees, thus leaving exposed their profane garments, consisting of long trousers rolled up at the bottom because there was no more leg to cover, and which had been de-

[21] According to regional usage, *mestizo*, a cross-breed of European and Indian blood, and it is also an adjective descriptive of his characteristics, customs and dress.—THE EDITOR.

[22] A provincial Spanish word: blouse, waist.—THE EDITOR.

[23] Quechua: adepts in the song and dance.—THE EDITOR.

[24] A Spanish word, used in the regional sense of bombs or cannon crackers.—THE EDITOR.

[25] A Spanish word used in the sense of the Quechua *ampos*, hats, head-pieces.—THE EDITOR.

[26] Regional Spanish: cries, shouts.—THE EDITOR.

[27] Quechua: alders.—THE EDITOR.

signed and came into being with a generosity of sufficient proportions.

Suddenly a thrilling harmony fell upon the air. It filled the single nave and poured out its melodious oblation at the foot of the altar: soft, languid tones, of a sweet and quivering melancholy. They rose at first as the capricious harmonies of a mystical improvisation. Then came the first measures of the aria of *La Traviata*.

It was not the organ, however; for it maintained its solitary mutism, experiencing only who knows what internal resonances? From what mysterious source rose the melodious torrent? There, beneath the chorus, the hand of an aged blind man drew from a small harmonium the sentimental "Health" of Verdi's opera.

Then followed a brief interval, filled with sincere rapture. The singer of the curacy chanted in a nasal voice an unintelligible Latin. A brief prayer gave rise to a subdued murmur of responses muttered in a low voice. Souls were now attuned; all now felt equally the mysterious hovering of the eternal.

The preliminary service being concluded, the bridal pair and the best man and the sponsor advanced toward the high altar. The bridal pair walked with downcast looks—ingenuous and timid—assured of receiving, with that blessing that was to unite them for ever, moral strength for their inexorable destiny.

The priest asked them in Quechua if they would take each other as husband and wife.

"*Ari, tatay,*"[28] answered the groom with manly heartiness, looking at the *cura* with a certain vague incomprehension, as if he considered the question idle.

"*Munacuycun, tatay,*"[29] responded the bride, in a voice so remote that it seemed an echo.

The priest then joined their hands and pronounced the ritual words. Next he improvised a brief address in Quechua, exhorting them to a faithful and harmonious conjugal life.

The conclusion was rapid. The divine breath that had hovered above a moment before was dissipated as soon as the priest retired. Voices that previously whispered low, sibilant murmurs were now raised somewhat irreverently in comments and calls for attention, as all left with solemn aspect, after facing the altar to cross themselves with their fingers moist with holy water.

In the court, the spectators stood aside to make way for the bride and groom, and as soon as they appeared the air was invaded by a fugitive shower of *camaretas*, which thundered at a great height, to the vast enjoyment of every one.

When the column returned to the house, a band of *ayarichis*[30] was already waiting before the door, their long, thick flutes at their lips, and upon them they began to blow and to pant over the colossal pneumatic effort of their brave lungs. Their great elastic cheeks puffed out like wine-skins, congested by that peculiar vascularization of the relaxed tissues, and sounds of a sweet and languid nasality seemed to mock the hyperbolical appearance of the effort.

The band had assembled voluntarily, as on all similar occasions in Huaillas. It was made up of musicians with lungs, but also with hearts. They were never missing from their places, with their showy *calapacos*,[31] which are nothing less than breastplates of medals, coins and pieces of silver, overloaded to the point of martyrdom with two or even three kilograms of metal in ostentatious display of economic and cervical strength.

The music of the flutes was not their entire art, however. When they had concluded one effort, in which they had expressed the enthusiasm of their violent longings and that poetic emotion which is ever latent in the depths of all primitive souls, the *ayarichis* danced. It was a grotesque dance, with a slow and monotonous cadence, in which the heavy and rhythmic movements were accompanied by frightful gestures and burlesque grimaces. The great *ojotas* of wood, ten centimeters long, gave them the look of people in torment,

[28]Quechua: "Yes, father."—THE EDITOR.

[29]Quechua: "We love each other, father."—THE EDITOR.

[30]Quechua: musicians.—THE EDITOR.

[31]Quechua: ornaments.—THE EDITOR.

as if the whole spirit of the dance consisted in the heaviness of the foot wear.

The ingenuous comicalness of the *ayarichis* aroused uproarious mirth. All laughed in frank hilarity, with that entire abandon of gaiety which is only found unmixed in primitive souls.

Upon entering the house of the wedding party, the *apu*[32] advanced to receive the best man and sponsor and the bride and groom, offering them a seat upon the uncomfortable *patillas*[33] of stones heaped up and covered with *fullos*[34] of wool woven in the house.

In the center of the court, was an enormous and portly *huirqui*[35] filled with *chicha*. The *apu* and the *ayllus*[36] dipped from the contents with *mates* and *iriris* and served the guests.

When this preliminary welcome was ended, the *apu* congratulated the recently wedded pair and delivered a eulogy, praising the fine qualities that characterized them. They were honest, laborious, simple, frugal, and they had all the virtues of the aged and gave promise of continuing the firm traditions of the race. What was said on this occasion was true. The young couple were strong and sound and of good blood. Their solid structure betokened undiminished vigor; and in the clear look of their eyes was reflected the sweet innocence of their pure souls.

Afterward the *apu* took an *iriri*, dipped it in the *huirqui*, and when he had slightly moistened his lips, greenish with coca, he poured out the rest upon the ground, as an offering to the Pacha Mama.[37]

Then he offered another *iriri* to the sponsor: "*Campac, mamay,*"[38] and another to the best man: "*Campac, tatay.*"[39] These courtesies being complied with, all mutually served one another.

The red liquid circulated plentifully amid the general talk, in which Spanish and Quechua mingled with the polyphony of the instruments, played incessantly by the *sicuris* and the *ayarichis* in a rivalry of pulmonary endurance. Every little while they refreshed their throats with *iriris* of *chica*, of at least two liters, gulped down handsomely without the least show of effort. *Aguardiente*[40] also flowed, and although it did not refresh, it toned up and fortified, furnishing strength to go on with the formidable concert.

The old Indians regaled themselves by preference with the leaves of the coca and the *llucta*,[41] which they took sparingly from their *chuspas*,[42] while they chatted in a friendly way, making prognostics as to the weather, and estimates as to the crops and the multiplication of their cattle.

The enthusiasm reached its height with the dance. The *apu* announced that the well known indigenous artists, Sumac-ttica[43] and Sinchi-horco,[44] were going to dance a *zapateo*,[45] and this aroused the attention of all. As many as thirty Indians of both sexes formed a circle about the pair, holding hands, the women with the children on their backs.

In the center, appeared the slender figures of the dancers. Then sounded the sentimental notes of the *charango* and the melancholy plaints of the *quena*. A great silence of expectancy gave zest to the moment. It was as if something supernatural held the attention of all in suspense until the moment in which the dancers began an agile and merry dance with elastic movements and lively contortions, rhythmical and amusing, while singing:

Kara pampa sonckoyquipi
Munayniyta tarporcani,

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[32]Quechua: father, elder.—THE EDITOR.

[33]Regional Spanish: benches, seats.—THE EDITOR.

[34]Quechua: mantles, covers.—THE EDITOR.

[35]Quechua: rather, *huirca*, large vessel, jar—THE EDITOR.

[36]Quechua: aids.—THE EDITOR.

[37]Quechua: Mother Earth.—THE EDITOR.

[38]Quechua: "For thee, mother."—THE EDITOR.

[39]Quechua: "For thee, father."—THE EDITOR.

[40]Rum: (often merely low grade alcohol), usually made in the process of sugar manufacture.—THE EDITOR.

[41]Quechua: ashes, produced from the *molle*, used instead of slaked lime to neutralize the alkaloid of the coca; after serving this purpose, it is pressed into cakes and chewed.—THE EDITOR.

[42]Quechua: pouches.—THE EDITOR.

[43]Quechua: Beautiful Flower.—THE EDITOR.

[44]Quechua: Strong Man.—THE EDITOR.

[45]Spanish: a kind of clog-dance.—THE EDITOR.

Pockosckanta ockaric rispa
Quiscallauan tincorcani.[46]

As soon as the pair began their dance, the entire ring of Indians started to move, whirling about them, and shuffling to the beat of the music.

During the intervals, the Indians that did not dance uttered resounding *huifas* and egged on the dancers with refrains chorused by all, and even by the excursionists, who were enchanted with that original festival: "*Chaquis yachachun, maquis yachachun!*"[47]

The dance continued its incessant round, and no one knows how long it would have lasted, had not the *apu* brought it to an end by inviting everybody to the *merienda*.[48]

The ring of dancers broke, and the pair, uproariously applauded, fell to the floor, worn out with the tremendous exercise of the dance.

The supply of food, varied and abundant, was spread upon *llicllas*, as if it were some exhibition of indigenous products submitted to the distinguished judgment of the *viracochos*.[49] The *apu* and his familiars passed the food about with great heartiness, always using the diminutive in their speech, with reiterated affectionateness.

The *chuas*[50] came laden with smoking ribs of roast kid, tripe, soft-boiled eggs, *mote*[51] and great *curpas*[52] of fresh, white, goats' milk cheese; but what aroused the voracious appetite of the Indians was the *aycha-canca*,[53] the *cancha*[54] and the *lagua*,[55] which they passed to their mouths without the medium of knives and forks, by taking the plates with both hands and causing the savory viand to slide down the inclined plane, when the nature of the food did not require the dextrous interposition of the fingers.

Seated all upon the ground, they merrily devoured that singular meal, and even the sponsor of the occasion, forgetting for a moment her former dyspepsia, did honor as a guest to the stewed *huaillpa*[56] prepared for her as an especial dish .

The exercise and the wholesome air of the sierra lent famine proportions to the appetite, to such an extreme that one forgot all fastidious regard for certain details of a kind which, if omitted in the city, render a meal abominable to us. When the *tecti*[57] was served as a dessert, stomachs were overloaded, but the pleasant sweetness opened in them even that last redoubt which survives in us for the dish of our preference, even after the most abundant collation.

As the day was far advanced and the distance that separated us from the city was great, we took the road to return while the sun was sinking behind the lofty summits of the Obispo in an apocalyptic conflagration, carrying with us the memory of an original and never to be forgotten festivity.

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[46]A characteristically sad Quechua stanza, of which the following is a translation:

In the arid field of thy heart,
Sowed I my affection;
When I went to gather fruit,
Only thorns did I discover.—THE EDITOR.

[47]Quechua: "Let the feet dance, let the hands clap."—THE EDITOR.

[48]Spanish: collation, lunch, any light or irregular meal.—THE EDITOR.

[49]Quechua: gentlemen.—THE EDITOR.

[50]Quechua: plates, dishes.—THE EDITOR.

[51]Regional Spanish: boiled Indian corn, not unlike the big hominy of southern United States.—THE EDITOR.

[52]Quechua: molds, lumps.—THE EDITOR

[53]Quechua: dried meat, broiled over embers until it is very hard.—THE EDITOR.

[54]Quechua: toasted Indian corn, ordinarily red.—THE EDITOR.

[55]Quechua: pap or porridge of Indian corn or other cereals or of potatoes.—THE EDITOR.

[56]Quechua: a stew of domestic fowls or of birds, with potatoes, red pepper, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

[57]Quechua: a sort of hasty pudding.—THE EDITOR.

THE BOLÍVAR DOCTRINE

BY

J. L. ANDARA

Gradually we are coming to understand that we have seen but one side of the shield; some of us asked not, cared not, whether it had another side, so natural, so familiar, so evidently proper, was our side. The author of the following article shows us the other side of the shield which for a long time we have labeled "Monroe doctrine."—*The Editor*

THE zealous historian, Carlos A. Villanueva,[1] who has rendered such valuable service to American history, says in his work, *Bolívar y el general San Martín:*

At that time, Miranda was in the British capital, and Bolívar was intimately associated with him. The influence of Miranda's ideas upon the mind of the young commissioner is not surprising in this respect, just as we are well aware that in the political sphere they always shaped his different projects, from the plan of Angostura to the constitution of Bolivia.

When the nascent republic of Venezuela was destroyed in 1812, the future Liberator of America began his career with all the initiative of his genius. From the first moment, when he trod the Granadan soil as a proscript, he spoke with firmness of conviction as to the need to render effective the projected league of the two countries and as to the union of all the Hispano-American peoples. Then, after liberating Venezuela with an army composed of Granadans and Venezuelans, he established as a fact, and upon the noble foundation of common sacrifice, the great patria, the future Gran Columbia.

Again, in 1814, in Jamaica, he set forth more concretely his ideas regarding an international policy, and among other things he said the following:

It is a grandiose idea to attempt to form of the whole New World a single nation with a sole tie that shall bind its parts among themselves and to the whole. Since it has had one origin and possesses one language, the same customs and one religion, it ought therefore to have a single government that would confederate the different states that are to be formed; but this is impossible, because different climates, diverse geographical positions, opposing interests, dissimilar characteristics, divide America. How beautiful it would be if the isthmus of Panamá were for us what the isthmus of Corinth was for the Greeks! Would that we might have some day the good fortune to inaugurate there an august congress of the representatives of the republics, kingdoms and empires, to treat of and to discuss the high concerns of peace and war, with the nations of the other parts of the world! A corporation of this kind might come into being in some happy period of our regerneration.

Upon that transcendent subject, Bolívar's thought underwent successive modifications in harmony with the circumstances created by new events. First, Miranda's original idea, of forming a single state from the Río Grande to cape Horn, turned out to be impossible to accomplish. Each of the sections into which the Spanish colonial empire in America was divided desired to be constituted separately, and the material obstacles that divided them were more powerful than the moral ties and even the expediency of unity of action in the common struggle.

This formula being rejected as impracticable, the Liberator himself purposed to bring about a continental alliance, after the manner of the Achean League, as a provision against possible aggressions on the part of the Holy Alliance. He accepted the idea of Santander and Gual, of inviting the United States. Brazil was not excluded. So then the project embraced the whole continent.

Never had so vast a plan been con-

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[1]See INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 157, the article entitled, "French Diplomacy in Latin America."—THE EDITOR.

[2]Archives of the British government, *Foreign Office*, Spanish *Americs*, *North*, Number 106, Memorandum of Mr. Richard Wellesley, London, August 5, 1810.

ceived; and if it had been carried out, none would have been more favorable to the interests of America. At that time, the United States did not arouse any suspicion, to such an extent that the declaration of President Monroe was hardly taken into account in the Hispano-American chancelleries, except to approve of it as a manifestation of confraternity. It was very well known that it was England that had frustrated the plans of the Holy Alliance, and that the British power was the only one that could aid the new states. Hence it was that Bolívar suggested British protection.

In view of the possible failure of the negotiations at Panamá and as suggesting the future development of the nations of the north and of the south, the Liberator conceived a plan of a Bolivian confederation which should embrace the northern part of South America, from the Orinoco to the Bermejo, with dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thus constituting a formidable power capable of preserving the equilibrium of the continent.

This necessity of an American equilibrium was always the Liberator's fundamental idea, and thus is to be explained his effort to maintain the integrity of the Gran Colombia. Time has justified Bolívar's vision of genius and has rendered his thought opportune at the present moment.

A Chilean writer—Doctor Alejandro Álvarez[3]—a distinguished internationalist, wrote as follows in his work entitled *La diplomacia de Chile durante la emancipación:*

Bolívar, the great Liberator who himself freed the majority of the American republics and who worked indirectly, by his power and his victories, for the emancipation of the rest, definitively destroying Spanish rule in South America; Bolívar, whose political genius was equal, if not superior, to his military genius, proclaimed also, after 1810, the idea of a continental solidarity between the republics of Spanish speech.

So we see that, in Santiago and Caracas, that is, at the two extremes of the southern continent, two Americans, at the same time, without knowing each other, coincided in the same ideal.

Bolívar, from the time when he appeared upon the scene at the dawn of the revolution, spoke, not in the name of his native land, but in the name of America. All his documents prove it. From the beginning of his career, he called his armies the "avengers of America, the sons of liberty, the soldiers of right."

In a document of 1813, evidently inspired by Bolívar, it was already proposed by the Liberator, who was at that time almost unknown outside his country, that all South America should unite or confederate under a central government, in order to serve as a counterpoise to Europe and to establish the "equilibrium of the universe." "Why," says the document in question, "should not all southern America unite under a single and central government?" The document urged Bolívar—whose ambition for glory and power was already immense—to be the leader of that confederation. "Your excellency, whom America contemplates as a victor and who is the admiration and hope of your fellow-citizens, is the best fitted to unite the votes of all the southern regions and to devote yourself henceforth to creating, at one and the same time, the great American nation and to preserving her from the evils that have brought upon Europe the system of her divided nations." . . . "The ambition of the nations of Europe carries the seal of servitude to the other parts of the world; and all these parts of the world ought to try to establish an equilibrium between themselves and Europe in order to overcome the preponderance of the latter. I call this the equilibrium of the universe, and it ought to enter into the scheme of the American policy."[4]

This document proclaims the Cæsar by blood. I discover also a vision of genius in respect of the international policy of South America. This ideal of continental solidarity was to be the lodestar of Bolívar's policy throughout his whole public life.

. . . . . .

In 1815, it stands out patently in a celebrated letter, called "the Jamaica letter."

In 1818, amid the terrible war which he waged against the European troops who had invaded,

[3] A Chilean jurist and international lawyer, former counselor to the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, secretary general of the American Institute of International Law, a member of the permanent court of Arbitration of the Hague and the author of a number of works upon international law and relations.

The author errs in prefixing the title of "doctor" to the name of señor Álvarez, under the assumption that, as in most of the South American countries, this title pertains to him by virtue of his being a graduate lawyer and a member of the bar. This degree is not conferred in Chile.—THE EDITOR.

[4] Felipe Larrazábal, *Vida de Bolívar*, edition of New York, 1871, volume I, page 251.

during repeated expeditions, the land of Venezuela, Bolívar wrote to Pueyrredón, the head of the Argentine government:

"When more favorable circumstances afford us more frequent communications and closer relations, we shall hasten, with the liveliest interest, to set on foot, on our part, the American covenant which, by forming one political body of all our republics, shall present America to the world with an aspect of majesty and greatness without parallel among the ancient nations. America, thus united, will be able to call herself the queen of nations, the mother of republics."[5]

About the middle of 1819, the Liberator crossed the Andes and freed the viceroyalty of Nueva Granada. Immediately, before the close of the year, he united Nueva Granada and Venezuela in a single state, which he christened República de Colombia. He was soon to incorporate Ecuador with the new republic. He was realizing, in his own way, his ideal of unifying the American peoples.

In 1822, he invited the other republics of the continent, in the name of Colombia, to make treaties of alliance, and he celebrated them with Chile, México, Perú, et cetera.

It may be said that in 1825 Bolívar had replaced the king of Spain in America. He governed Venezuela, Nueva Granada, Panamá, Ecuador, Perú and Bolivia. This was not enough. He exercised influence upon the policy of the Argentine republic, where there existed a strong party in opposition to the government, a party of opposition that sought to lean upon the Liberator; the Argentine government itself sought the aid of the victorious and powerful ruler against Brazil. This was not enough, either; and he offered to Chile a contingent of troops to free the archipelago of Chiloé, still in possession of Spain. On the north, he sought to extend his influence to México, with more or less success. He planned, by means of a military expedition, to liberate the Antilles, one of which, the Dominican, had already declared itself, from 1821, an integral part of Colombia. He even threatened Spain the following year (1826) with sending an army to her Asiatic possessions of the Philippines.

Finally, in 1826, he assembled at Panamá the first congress of the American nations to give juridical form to the unity which he had indicated for America.

His international policy, worked out and set forth by means of felicitous pages, was called later the Bolívar doctrine. This doctrine of Bolívar's consisted in the union, the solidarity, of all the republics of Spanish origin against European absorption and against interference by the United States.

We have indicated that at the time of the assembling of the congress of Panamá, Bolívar's thought included in the continental plan the United States and Brazil. This is to be gathered from the invitations addressed to these two nations and from the purpose expressed, of the acceptance of the Monroe doctrine by the entire number of the nations represented there. *This is the true Bolívar doctrine,* which he based upon the constitution of a vigorous state in the northern part of South America, upon the principles of *uti possidetis,* of *non-intervention* and of *arbitration.*

Let us return, however, to the development of Bolívar's thought.

In 1816, the director of the united provinces of the Río de la Plata addressed to the inhabitants of *Tierra Firme*[6] a striking expression of confraternity, in which are to be found the following prophetic phrases:

> The day will come in which, crowned with laurels, our victorious arms will unite, to bear from the extremes of the American continent to the obscure center—where despotism in its death struggle dwells in its last entrenchments—peace, fraternity and liberty, the adored objects of so many longings and so many labors. . . .

In 1818, Bolívar, who had at last succeeded in organizing the independent forces of Venezuela, replied to the preceding proclamation in the terms mentioned by Doctor Álvarez.

General O'Higgins, in his manifesto of March 6, 1818, to the people of Chile, spoke of "the great federation of the American continent, capable of maintaining its political and civil liberty."

At about the same time, Henry Clay,

[5] *Cartas de Bolívar,* 1799-1822, edition of Louis Michaud, Paris and Buenos Aires, pages 451-457.

[6] According to early Spanish usage, an ancient country of northern South America. When the republic of Nueva Granada was formed, it was divided into the provinces of Veragua, Panamá and Darién. It may be assumed that the name was based upon the common usage which alluded to that portion of the continent as *tierra firme,* solid land, mainland, in contrast with the Caribbean islands. It is to be observed, however, that the term was used very vaguely by some writers as a general designation for the Caribbean shores of South America and even of Central America.—The Editor.

the apostle of South American independence in the congress of the United States, also came forward as the upholder of a continental alliance—a position which he was not able to maintain as secretary of state when the congress of Panamá met.

In the communication of October 7, 1819, the señores Peñalver and Vergara, commissioners of Venezuela and Nueva Granada at London, informed the government of Angostura that they had begun negotiations with the envoys of Chile and Argentina "with a view to forming an offensive alliance by which the republics of America would engage not to make peace with Spain without the previous recognition of the independence of all, and that they would act jointly on the question of credits, entering previously into an agreement as to the amounts."

The circumstances of the moment truly compelled a common action. The idea of an American alliance needed now only the fostering hand of a man of genius, and the Liberator was to make himself responsible for the enterprise.

As a result of the demands of the moment and of clear vision as to the need for unifying efforts to safeguard the independence that had been proclaimed, the accomplishment of that vast plan would, besides, make for peace, in order to secure harmony among all the nations of America and constitute them the domain and refuge of civilization, the antithesis of the Old World, built upon militaristic and feudal foundations. It was a generous dream and one for which so many efforts have been put forth and are still being put forth by the patriotic and thoughtful men of all America.

With the creation of Colombia, there was established a great instrument well designed to carry into effect the continental idea.

The constitution of Rosario de Cúcuta of 1821 unfortunately gave rise to the expression of diverse opinions regarding the form of government of the new republic. Both in that constitution and in the preceding one of Angostura, a central form of government was determined upon, which, if it was a mistake for times of peace and regular governments, because of the diversity of the characteristics and conditions of the constituent countries, it was, on the other hand, the indispensable formula at that period in which the triumphant eagles of the dawning republic stretched their flight toward the south, and in which, consequently, unity of military and political effort was required.

Caracas protested against the constitution of Cúcuta, thus becoming the mouthpiece of the prevailing individualistic sentiments.

The truth is that all these countries of Spanish origin harbored regional aspirations developed to a high degree. Every province, every city, every village, sought to govern itself independently and with the least amount of dependence upon a central authority. Spain suffered from this tendency from the time of her struggles with the Moors, and it was because of this that the freeing of Spanish soil was so long and painful an undertaking. This particularistic spirit was to continue to be the chief factor in Spanish politics. Is it strange then that these countries, which if not wholly of Spanish blood, are essentially Spanish in mentality, should retain that sentiment?

Against that regionalistic suspicion Colombia would have to struggle outside her territory; but during the critical period of her American policy she was armed and victorious from the Orinoco to the Desaguadero. Venezuelan hegemony, represented by Bolívar, Sucre, Urdaneta, Flores, et cetera, was uncontested in South America. That was the moment sought by Bolívar to accomplish the old project of a continental union, and to that end he set on foot the assembling of the congress of Panamá, in which the principles of public American law were to be fixed.

Doctor and General Sáenz Peña, who was recently president of the Argentine republic, expressed himself in the following manner in discussing the formulas of Bolívar and of Monroe:

> The New World consists of free and independent republics, and down to our days none of them has acquired international capacity sufficient to enable it to serve as a representative of the others, for the purpose of determining their destinies in respect of the Old

World. That imaginary line which seeks to extend itself across the waters in order to divide two continents is not a doctrine; it is a parody of the famous encyclical that divided the world into two parts, conferring upon them a weak and precarious sovereignty. The intimation of Monroe compressed the destinies of America within the narrow pages of a parliamentary message which, if it had possessed an international scope, would have awakened discussions as to that personality; there neither exists nor has there ever existed a chancellery in the New World invested with declarative or denunciative authority in respect of the powers of Europe, and no one has had a right to impose upon the continent an attitude, without the express consent of the free nations that compose it. Neither the forms of self-government nor the right to effect territorial cessions might be protested us by any American or European nation, except it were agreed to by legislation or amphictyonic regulations that would presuppose authority superior to sovereignty. Both in the light of the law of nations and of the civil law, acts which, by their nature must be collective or synallagmatic, are lacking in juridical value when they are unilateral: the very benefits, the very acts of supererogation, invoke the acceptance and consent of the beneficiary, just as the protectorate requires the request and acceptance of the ward. If absolute monarchs formed a congress, and the plenipotentiaries exchanged their credentials to deliberate upon the fate of the world, methodizing the usurpation itself in reciprocal respects, another international congress was necessary to decide the destiny of the New World: and this was Bolívar's opinion when he took steps for the congress of Panamá in 1825. The American haughtiness that stamped the acts of the Liberator at every moment induced him to reëstablish the self-individuality of the new nations by overcoming the inert plasticity to which they were reduced by the message of Monroe. Bolívar doubtless proposed that they should cease to be considered as a fact or as a condition generative of policies foreign to their deliberation: he desired to bestow political and international capacity upon them in order to consummate an act of presence and assent, upon a spot where a decision would be reached as to their destiny and where they would be properly represented.

The congress of Panamá did not entertain an attitude of hostility toward the United States, which was invited to participate, in the first place, nor even toward the Monroe doctrine. On the contrary, it was moved by the purpose of giving to that doctrine a continental significance and scope by the conscious and free adherence of the new nationalities. This is indicated by the official invitation and the outline of the program, which contains the following clause, among other items: "To take into consideration the means of rendering effective the declaration of the president of the United States (Monroe) in respect of the ulterior designs of any foreign power to colonize any part of this continent, and the means of resisting any decided interference in the domestic affairs of the American governments."

The purposes of the conference could not be more favorable to the policy of the United States. The congress of Panamá proposed to adhere to it, as an established fact which it was desired to formalize *ex post facto*, and Bolívar's procedure was plausible. The declarations of Monroe consulted America's interests, and America's interests impelled to adherence; but the will of these states had not been consulted, and the conference proposed to manifest it by authorizing in the international realm an act irregular in its source and one that had originated without consultation within a parliament.

The congress of Panamá was not viewed with favor by the federal legislative body of the United States. It began by restricting the powers of its representatives, giving them a mere diplomatic character, and it ended by making their representation ineffective. One of their delegates arrived late and ill, and the other never arrived, as he died on the way. The conference closed its sessions in the city of Panamá and reopened them in Tacubaya (México), seeking the proximity of the United States and giving her representation. Bolívar's thought, however, was no more fortunate at the new seat of the congress: more or less futile declarations were made, and they were ratified by only one of the signatories, as if they were born wounded to death by the pronouncements of the federal congress, when it discussed the expenses of the delegates.

The congress at Washington declared on that occasion "that the federal government could not make common cause with the states of the south in the question of the new colonizations; that, while remaining faithful to the sentiments of friendship which bound it to the new states, the principles of honor and dignity, which were the rule of its conduct, obliged it to maintain entire freedom to proceed according to circumstances."

When the secretary of state, Mr. Adams, proposed a recommendation to the states of South America, that they should make "*on their own account*" a declaration in harmony

with that of Monroe, the proposal was emphatically rejected, because it was claimed, according to the publicist Calvo, that it involved a bond of moral guaranty of the federation of the north on the part of the republics of the south. The repulse by the federal congress could not have been more open or less friendly. It dissipated even the hope of a moral bond, as if the nations of this part of America were not constituted upon the basis of political equality or could not celebrate treaties or declarations, without affecting the honor of the United States, which was said to have been consulted in rejecting all solidarity. It was the attitude of the cabinet at Washington that broke up the congress at Tacubaya, when once the plenipotentiaries had reached the conviction that Monroe's declarations were not American, but Yankee, and that they were designed in behalf of a limited and strictly national policy.

. . . . . .

The policy of the cabinet at Washington has on two occasions been surreptitious, which did not prevent, however, the failure at Panamá from being attributed to the ambitious designs of Bolívar, according to the opinion of Mr. Clay, expressed in a note addressed to the plenipotentiaries at Tacubaya.

Bolívar's aspirations were legitimate on that occasion, not only because of their political scope, but also because they represented a more ample formula than that of Monroe, as Canning desired it to be and as it was conceived of by the peoples liberated from Spain and Portugal. If attention be given to the invitation of Panamá, it will be seen that it took grounds—as a universal principle—against any *foreign* nation. When Bolívar defined his doctrine, he did not have his eyes upon Europe, nor did he limit his defense to suspicions or fears that might be aroused by the Old World. It comprehended all Christendom and it defined the scope of sovereignty by basing it upon a universal and juridical principle, which ought to be taken as the most splendid victory of the law of nations. The principle of *non-intervention*, defined with all the amplitude which it was sought to give to it at Panamá, constituted the true doctrine, resting equally upon the two hemispheres and assuming from that moment a true international significance. The invitation of Panamá, I repeat, condemned the interference, not of Europe, but of every foreign power, in the *domestic affairs* of the new nations; and if publicists have not emphasized the profound differences that are visible in Bolívar's memorandum regarding the message of December, it devolves upon them, nevertheless, to decide in favor of the former against the fragmentary doctrine of the latter.

The Argentine publicist's allegation is eloquent, but, unfortunately, the truth of history is otherwise in respect of the failure of negotiations at Panamá and Tacubaya. If Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia and Perú had supported the plan, it would have been carried into effect, even if the United States had opposed it; because the Latin-American peoples, united, represented a force superior to the North American power. The truth is that the United States, although she refused to enter into an alliance and although she opposed the independence of Cuba and Puerto Rico, and did not desire, and would not listen to, any talk of the emancipation of the slaves, was in no wise hostile to the union of these countries.

On the other hand, Brazil declined the invitation. Argentina refused to participate. Chile did the same. Perú and Bolivia, from being friendly, became hostile. There remained, united and disappointed, only México, Central America and Colombia. Whose was the responsibility for the failure? The lack of American solidarity produced then, as later, in cases of urgency, grave evils whose consequences are in the secret of the ages.

It should be noted too that the Monroe doctrine is merely the exponent of a political tendency. Thus may be explained the fact that at certain times it has disappeared, and at others it has developed, under different names, such as "Polk's doctrine," Mr. Buchanan's "manifest destiny," Roosevelt's "big stick,"[7] until we reach the generous and very ample doctrine enunciated by President Wilson in 1916. At the beginning, negative, and afterward, vague, elastic, imprecise, the Monroe doctrine appertains to another order of ideas and it lacks the necessary amplitude in the realm of international law. It is a problem of a concrete nature, and consequently all juridical discussion regarding it is useless.

If all the nations of America were sufficiently strong, who would speak of the Monroe doctrine as a bugbear?

[7]English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

A century has elapsed since the enunciation of the doctrines of Bolívar and Monroe, and naturally circumstances have changed; on the one hand, nations that are powerful or in the way of becoming so; on the other, disunited and weak peoples. We must strengthen the internal organisms by peace, order and labor; and, in respect of the outside world, in order to reëstablish the continental equilibrium, disturbed by the preponderance of the north and the south, we must fix our thought upon Bolívar's stroke of genius: the constitution of a powerful group in the center of America, as the primary condition of a Pan American alliance, based upon the practical application of the principles already enunciated by Bolívar.

THOUGHTS FOR AMERICANS

Telegraphs, railways, gas, are but charlatanry—the rhetoric, the surface, of civilization—if they be not accompanied by the marrow and substance of all civilization, which is security of life, person, property.

America lives in greater intimacy with Europe than with herself.

War is a sophism: it evades questions; it does not solve them.

In France, the body is free; in England, the soul.

America will not be liberated until she be liberated from liberators.

In South America, poetry is everywhere . . . except in verse.

Haughtiness is the mask of servilism. An example of it: lackeys.

Let me study the conduct of a single man, and I shall tell you about the government of his country.

The design of constitutional policy and of government in America is essentially economic. So, in America, to govern is to people. To define government otherwise is to ignore its mission in South America. Government receives this mission from the necessity which it represents, and it dominates all other needs in our America.

The dangers of America are in America; her guaranties are in Europe.

Our bad legislation contains a treasure of wisdom. I would inaugurate a program of government, without issuing a single law, a single new decree, and merely by enforcing the laws that exist.

A man likes excess of flattery in proportion to his backwardness, just as he likes the drunkenness induced by alcohol in proportion to his lack of culture.

Hypocrisy, like humanity, has no country. The companion of man, it follows him through all climates and under all systems of government. The republic also has its Tartufes of liberty. Also in it words serve to disguise thought.

There are two ways to write history: either according to tradition and popular legend, which is ordinarily the history fashioned by vanity—a sort of "political mythology," with an historical basis; or according to documents, which is the true history, but which few dare to write, for fear of wounding their country's vanity with the truth; one kind, in which appear only men, who are the arm or instrument of the law or natural forces of progress, and who look upon themselves as the moving cause of historical events; the other kind that goes into the investigation of those laws or forces or interests in which reside the true causes that produce events.

In the day in which the people shall become the army and the government, war will cease to exist, because it will cease to be the industrial monopoly of a class that cultivates it in its own interest.—JUAN BAUTISTA ALBERDI.

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND

BY

JUAN MANUEL POLAR

(Continuation)

This rare history of the resuscitated wanderers—the peerless don Quijote de la Mancha and his no less famous squire Sancho Panza—which was begun in the August number of INTER-AMERICA, proceeds upon its queer, sprightly, sixteenth century way, in the full light and clangor of this well known twentieth century, with dialogue and conceit, with the glamour of knight-errantry and the horse-sense of the plain man, with the long sword of the swashbuckler and the nozzle of the fire-extinguisher, with the love-sick worshiper of the never seen Dulcinea and the golden haired doña Águila, embodiment of our supposed wealth, with him of the rueful figure and the kindly, practical Uncle Sam; and the chief characters stand out, revealed clearly and sharply, and true to form.—*The Editor.*

CHAPTER III

DIALOGUES THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIJOTE AND HIS SQUIRE

MASTER and servant stood perplexed, and they were no sooner alone than Sancho's former fear returned to him, and, approaching his master, he said:

"I think, my señor don Quijote, that we are condemned or that we are souls in torment; for isn't it as certain as the light of day that your honor died in the full possession of your faculties, long years ago, and that I survived you, to my great sorrow? Just as if it were to-day, I recall my death, Teresa's grief and the weeping of Sanchica, who cried as if her heart would break . . . but afterward I do not remember anything further, it is true, for, as it seems to me, I must have been in a state of legarthy, as they say."

"Lethargy, thou meanest to say," corrected don Quijote.

"Leave off correcting my voquibles, your honor, for it is a thing of little importance," answered Sancho, "and try to explain, if you can, this that is happening to us, which is the most extraordinary adventure or misadventure that ever was seen since the world has been a world."

"In truth, the case is somewhat surprising, friend Sancho. I also thought myself dead; that is, I did not think myself so, for since that occurrence in my village in which I gave up or thought I gave up my soul, I know not whether I have existed or whether I have not existed, although, to my seeming, I have existed, since, as may be observed, I am alive and in my senses."

"Tricks of the devil are these," affirmed Sancho; "and according to my noddle, this old fellow with the white goatee, in spite of his pleasant ways, must be Lucifer himself or some other demon of fair lineage and renown. As to those who are about him, your honor has already seen that they are not Christian people, which is not strange, because it was not for nothing that it was said: 'Tell me what company thou keepest, and I shall tell thee who thou art.' The truth is that if I have not lost my senses (a thing which I fear), your honor and I are in the other world; I mean to say that we are dead."

"Such reasoning is suited to thy simplicity," said don Quijote, "but, by my troth, we are not dead, nor anything of the kind, as thou supposest. We are alive and very much so, friend Sancho, and it is for something and even for much, that divine Providence has seen fit to preserve us."

The squire kept silent, as if to reflect; then he scratched his head and said:

"I am minded to believe what your honor says, for if we were dead, we should be in glory, with señor San Pedro, and not with this devilish old man in a long tailed coat; and as to purgatory and hell, it is perfectly clear that we are not in torment, and that the devils are not frying us, which is not a thing for even the souls of the damned; so that and therefore I am for believing that we are alive, which pleases me extremely, because the evil we know is

better than the good that is to come, and San Pedro is better off in Rome, even if he has no home."

"Thou reasonest wisely," affirmed don Quijote, "and the gist of this diabolical tangle is that this so-called great señor, who says his name is Uncle Sam, is neither any such Samuel nor any such uncle, but the wise Merlin or the giant Malambruno or some other of the most famous magicians and impostors who from envy and hatred hold us enchanted in this palace. There is small ground for wonder, since there are identical cases in many books of knight-errantry that I well recall, and, without going further, thou thyself wast a witness how Dulcinea was enchanted in the cave of Montesinos for such long years."

"That I was a witness? . . . I see that your honor is losing your memory, for neither saw I the so-called Durandarte nor did I even believe in the vagaries that your honor related about that señor and about the happy cave of Montesinos. Howbeit—to return to our affair—how does your honor explain that about our death?"

"That about our death," said don Quijote, "is also a spell or an appearance, for such cases are related in many stories that go the rounds of the world."

Sancho moved his head, without putting faith in the arguments of his master, who, observing it, said with great emphasis:

"Know, O incredulous Sancho, that I am called upon to be the first of the knights-errant who have bestowed luster upon the human species, and that my deeds must be so wonderful and of such peril and renown that they will surpass and overshadow all those recounted of the paladins and adventurers of every age. Wherefore be not surprised or fearful if I pass through unheard-of experiences and if I be persecuted by enemies as powerful as this devilish old man who is the haughtiest and most eminent sorcerer of all the brood of his kind. Thanks be to God that I now clearly understand the wiles and arts which they have woven against my person and that I am informed of the machinations with which they seek to cast a spell upon me for ever. Know, therefore, friend Sancho, that this about our death has been nothing more than a supposition and a fraud, and that I am in the world to embark again upon gallant adventures, unheard-of struggles and deeds never seen or dreamed of before. Joy to the needy and afflicted, the unhappy widow and the persecuted maiden, the friendless orphan and the downtrodden servant; and let trembling overtake the exploiter of defenseless beings, the hard-hearted usurer, the lying rascal and the sneaking coward, with all the horde of knaves and rogues that roam the world, for now is don Quijote ready to fulfil the mission which a just Heaven has intrusted him, for the increase of his honor, the glory of his lady and the welfare of his country."

"Your honor is right," said Sancho at this juncture; "and so true is what your honor says about our being enchanted, that this place seems to me like something in a dream, so rich and wonderful is it all. Behold, your honor, what rooms and what furniture of carved wood and Chinese silk, and what armor and what painted pictures and what curtains and what tapestries and what knick-knacks, and how soft and agreeable does all this seem to me. As I see it, if the Uncle of the goatee orders nothing more, we can get along here with as great comfort as in the castle of my señores the dukes, and still have to spare."

"See now therefore, Sancho," said don Quijote, "that although they seem incredible, the turns that fortune plays those who, like myself, belong to the order of knight-errantry are certain with all certainty. If, however, I must tell the truth I think that of no one may be told what is to be related about me. Great are the dangers and pitfalls that are wrought against me—the like of which were never wrought nor undertaken against any knight—but such is the strength of my indomitable arm, and such the ardor that impels and moves me, that the most hazardous adventures and the fiercest combats do but bring me pleasure and felicity.

"Many are the deeds of prowess that await me in the world; many are the wrongs to be set right, the unsullied maidens to be favored, the friendless to be saved, and the hapless to be defended; and I must begin these enterprises and carry them to a successful issue and conclusion,

in spite of cruel giants, knavish sorcerers and perverted sages."

At this point Sancho asked as to what don Quijote was thinking of doing to set themselves free from the machinations and artifices of the sorcerer into whose power they were fallen. Don Quijote became pensive, and after a moment he concluded by replying that the case was one to be considered with the calmness which good judgment counseled.

Sancho, who never tired of asking questions, then began to seek opinions as to whether or not there still existed the village, the housekeeper, the niece, Teresa and Sanchica, without overlooking the priest, the clerk, Sansón Carrasco and Master Nicolás the barber. Don Quijote hesitated a moment, and then he spoke in the following manner:

"Of a verity, I know not how to answer thee, for if, as I trow, the years are many during which I have been enchanted, priest and barber, housekeeper and niece, Teresa and Sanchica, and the clerk Sansón Carrasco must of course be at present souls in another world, since this particularity of enchantments has not been extended to the common run of people, but only to knights-errant and the ladies whom they serve."

"So that my señora Dulcinea is also bewitched?" asked Sancho.

"Without a doubt!" replied don Quijote; and then, with great agitation and anger, he proceeded to say:

"By the order of knight-errantry which I profess and by my stainless name, I swear that it shall cost dear the envious sage or demon who has wrought such injury upon me as to bewitch Dulcinea; for great is my affliction and greater yet my astonishment to think that the peerless queen of my fate is groaning at this hour, shut up by monstrous giants, for no other crime than that of having set her eyes upon this captive knight! I vow to her that I shall be revenged for such an outrage, and that she shall be so heralded and famous that she will surpass and obscure all the fair told of in story or written of in books of knight-errantry and enchantment!"

Sancho, who listened to his master with a certain distrust, asked him: "And is your honor certain of overcoming so great enemies?"

"So certain am I," replied don Quijote, "that thou mayest consider it as done and finished, inasmuch as, sooner than thy natural ignorance imagines, and after vast affrays and altercations with giants and monsters, thou wilt see, O model of loyal squires, freed from enchantment and at liberty the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, receiving the homage of vanquished knights, of sorcerers upheld to mockery and of all the multitude of folk favored by the never well comprehended valor of their knight-errant."

Don Quijote was walking back and forth with a restless step, after having uttered the preceding phrases, when Sancho interrupted him on this wise:

"And tell me, your honor, does this matter of enchantment include me also?"

"Of course it does," answered don Quijote."

"But what are we to understand, if your honor said to me awhile ago that this distinction was only for knights-errant and their Dulcineas."

"Their ladies, thou shouldst say," corrected don Quijote, "since there is but one Dulcinea in the world; and as to thy query, it may be taken for granted that, along with the lady, the duenna, and with the knight, the squire, must be enchanted in order to serve their natural masters."

"Dolt that I am!" exclaimed Sancho, "that I should never have imagined that upon entering your honor's service, I should end up in such a muddle without part and parcel; for what difference does it make to me that there be languishing dames and used-up knights, and wrongs to right and injuries to redress, that a scoundrel of a sorcerer should take his spite out on me and that I should find myself bewitched as a result of being your servant?—which is as if we should say, suffering from merely being present as a fiddler. To hell, say I, with such practices and with all the knights-errant that are, for having carried things to such an extreme with a good Christian like the son of my mother."

Don Quijote paid no heed to what Sancho was saying, his whole attention

being centered upon his cavilings, searching his memory, as he was, as to whether any other knight-errant had ever chanced to fall into such a strait and adventure as that which had overtaken him; and after a moment, Sancho asked:

"And tell me, your honor, do not those who are bewitched eat and drink?"

"I think they do not," replied don Quijote, after thinking it over.

"Well then, I am not bewitched, not even a little bit; for I have been feeling something here gnawing at my stomach. . . ."

"It is perfectly clear that thou art concerned merely with the weaknesses of the flesh," replied don Quijote; "but be calm, friend Sancho; for thy mouth will be filled. I shall issue victorious from this tough adventure, and thou wilt have a retinue of vassals to serve thee richest viands at thy table."

"If they will but let me at it, just give me my freedom," said Sancho; "and let not your honor forget that 'to be hungry and wait fills one with hate.'"

With this and other discourse they were passing the time, and the squire, tired of asking and growling, stretched himself upon a luxurious divan—which he called a "form"—and went sound asleep, while don Quijote, frowning and thoughtful and seated upon a soft couch, with his chin resting upon his right hand and his gaze turned inward, commended himself wholeheartedly to the lady of his thoughts, to learn whether she would vouchsafe him favor in his great trials.

CHAPTER IV

WHICH TREATS OF THE AMUSING MISTAKE MADE BY DON QUIJOTE IN CONFUSING DOÑA ÁGUILA WITH DULCINEA, AND OF THE MISFORTUNE WHICH THEREBY BEFELL HIM

While don Quijote and his squire were talking together, as has been described, Uncle Sam was rousing the world with the news of the unheard-of event—summoning by a ukase an exhibition of the kind called universal—to the end that from the most remote kingdoms there might come to his dominions the people that wished to know and admire the master and the servant of our story. It would be superfluous to say that, with the announcements of the press, the bets and the preparations for the exhibition of the knight of La Mancha, Uncle Sam's family moved with such bustle and activity that the United States seemed to be a great madhouse attacked with a mania for perpetual motion. The gabble about percentages, the formation of what were called syndicates, limited companies and other kinds of financial combinations, and, in short, the pursuit of the dollar, in one way or another, which is the chief occupation of Uncle Sam's subjects, increased to such an extent that the crowds dashed about the streets and squares in all kinds of vehicles, no longer at the ordinary speed, which is not slow, but with the hubbub of the damned whom the devil in person might be chasing. Multitudes rioted, street orators—who abound there—harrangued on the sidewalks, with cracked voices and much thrashing of the arms, regarding the events of the day; crowds formed at every step; carriages and automobiles piled on top of each other; electric cars flew in every direction; elevated trains rushed by, setting the air aquiver; and the police did not have a moment's repose. Everywhere were heard, in the midst of the tumult and deafening uproar, the names of don Quijote de La Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire. They became the fashion between dawn and sunset and served as catch-phrases for barter and gain; because, with the advertised exhibition and the thousands of visitors which it would attract, the natives and citizens of Yankeeland promised themselves a good harvest.

Great was the pleasure which Uncle Sam derived as the result of the famous event; and, like an experienced person, he arranged, in order to keep alive the curiosity of all and to render more attractive the mystery and novelty of the case, that the personages who were the objects of such turmoil should remain isolated in the manner of which mention has been made, only he himself reserving the right to see and associate with them until the day on which they would be exhibited.

To this end therefore he commanded that don Quijote and Sancho should be kept shut up, that they should be served

by discreet and well trained servants and that all idle talk should be avoided in order not to irritate the knight of La Mancha, these servants being at the same time kept away from the rest of the people, the better to preserve the mystery.

With these wise arrangements, and supposing that don Quijote would now have recovered from the first effects of the shock —which, according to the physicians, was very dangerous—Uncle Sam wished to be entertained for a while by chatting with his strange guests; so he went to visit them, not alone, however, but with his first-born daughter, the very celebrated doña Águila Americana,[1] a young lady of golden hair, and beautiful beyond all imagination, and although lacking titles or blazonry, a royal princess and of such degree that it is well known that men and even peoples of this our hurrying age render her full homage: she, indeed, proving to be, as it were, the Helen of modern times who kindles and will kindle more famous wars than the war of Troy and more bloody than the wars between the Moors and Christians. Those who know relate that this princess succeeded in inducing—but not without difficulty—her father and lord to take her with him, because, being a Yankee and original in tastes, she was dying to know those who had been brought to life and to converse with them.

The father and the daughter therefore entered the chamber where don Quijote and Sancho Panza were; and don Quijote, somewhat disturbed at seeing the lady, offered her a salutation, which she returned with several bows.

"God have your honor in his keeping," said Uncle Sam at this point, addressing himself to don Quijote.

Don Quijote fixed his eyes upon him, then cast them upon doña Águila, and turning them thus from one to the other, he became so agitated that it seemed his soul was about to leap through his eyes, without his being able to utter a syllable.

"My señor don Quijote is embarrassed," said Uncle Sam, observing his perturbation and perplexity.

"Embarrassed," replied don Quijote, "at beholding your effrontery, señor sorcerer."

"Ill fits me that name," Uncle Sam managed to say.

"Or that of knave would suit you better," added don Quijote, fire flaming from his eyes; and, trying immediately to curb his anger, he turned to the lady with the greatest respect and spoke to her on this wise:

"Your greatness pardon me, señora and queen of mine, if I can but ill repress my natural impulse in the face of the audacity and knavery of so evil a magician! Great misfortune has it been for you, beautiful and peerless Dulcinea, who set your eyes upon your ill-fated knight, only thus to be imprisoned by a base sorcerer, moved by the envy that my deeds had awakened in him! Dry, however, the tears that cloud those matutinal stars, and calm the grief of your afflicted bosom, for prompt is my indomitable arm to right the wrongs inflicted on your greatness. Command then, señora and queen of mine, and have pity upon this sorely troubled knight, who is a slave in bondage to your beauty."

Having spoken in these terms, don Quijote bent his knees before the lady, and he added, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and in the most submissive and reverent tone:

"Inasmuch as it is on my account they hold you under enchantment, I will not rise hence until your beauty shall order and command."

Sancho, astounded at the discovery, could do no less than approach his master to inquire whether that were indeed the señora Dulcinea.

"Dost not see 'tis she?" exclaimed don Quijote, submissive and filled with emotion. "Seest not in her the mirror of chastity, the flower of beauty and the pattern of gentleness?"

"I too, for many years," said Sancho, kneeling beside his master.

"Rise, señor don Quijote," said doña Águila at this point, unable to restrain her mirth. "It is not well that the noblest and greatest knight in whom the histories glory should be upon his knees."

"Rise, your honor!" said Uncle Sam, hiding the merriment that the scene

[1] Mistress American Eagle.—THE EDITOR.

caused him; and, suiting the action to the word, he went to take don Quijote by the arm.

To feel the arm of the discreet old man and to flush with anger was an affair of a moment for him of the rueful countenance. He arose in great anger, and facing Uncle Sam, he expressed himself in the following manner:

"Unsheathe your sword, dastardly Merlin, since naught avail your wiles and villanies before the power of my indomitable arm!"

"Calm yourself, señor don Quijote!" said Uncle Sam, losing patience; but the audacious knight drew forth his blade from the scabbard and attacked with such gallantry that the lord of Yankeeland, confused and disconcerted, hastened to take shelter behind a table, with more promptness than his years justified.

Doña Águila uttered cries for help, which don Quijote understood to be in his behalf; and, pausing in his onslaught, he said, with a gracious gesture and a gallant air:

"Fear not, señora and queen of mine, for your glance so strengthens my daring heart that I must come forth triumphant from this frightful fray."

Sancho hastened to his master with entreaties and supplications, but the latter, undaunted, attacked with yet more vigor the table behind which Uncle Sam had taken refuge, and he began to lay on with the flat of his sword with such rage that there was no way to stop him. At each blow, as he chased Uncle Sam around the table, he cursed like one condemned, calling his enemy rogue and knave, as there was no means of coming at him. At the uproar and cries, as many as twenty of the servants hastened in; and what was their surprise to see the fury of don Quijote, and the lord of the states so put to it and in such a plight. They thought the resuscitated and quarrelsome visitor could only be the devil, and there were not lacking those who crossed themselves; but the most unbelieving went to the aid of their master.

When don Quijote saw them approaching, he turned to Sancho and said: "Friend Sancho, the time has come for thee to show thy daring before these dastardly squires."

"That I shall not do," said Sancho, retiring to one end of the salon, all frightened and crying out to his master to be reasonable, for the love of God.

Don Quijote was surrounded in a moment, and, foaming with rage, he began to brandish his sword to right and left with the fiercest gestures, upsetting pieces of furniture and smashing pictures, ornaments and hangings to his heart's content.

Uncle Sam, now somewhat recovered from his astonishment, gave orders to his people not to do don Quijote any harm; doña Águila called to him with desperate cries; and Sancho, who did not know what to do, looked upon him as a madman in a raging delirium.

Amid all this confusion, Uncle Sam succeeded in slipping away until he gained the door, leading doña Águila by the hand, and followed by the servants, who took themselves off in haste.

Seeing them in flight, don Quijote rushed at them with greater anger, raining heavy blows upon their backs, which bruised more than one of them.

"Take away his sword!" shouted Uncle Sam, when all were now in the garden; but don Quijote fought with such courage that no one was able to reach him without being exposed to the risk of not living to tell the story.

It was, in truth, the weirdest and most curious scene that could be imagined: the servants, dancing around, were baiting don Quijote without daring to stand up to him; doña Águila and Uncle Sam, having taken refuge in a summer-house, gave orders that no one understood; Sancho, behind his master, was shouting to him with all his might to calm himself; and don Quijote, raging like a demon, spouted profanity, cleaving the air with his sword and distributing thrusts like a madman.

Whereupon some wag among the servants thought of calling out the engines, as if it were a question of fire, and when they arrived, four of the servants turned the nozzles upon don Quijote, and they immediately drenched the brave knight with such deluges of water that, unable to help himself, he was brought to earth, gesticulating like a demoniac. Not content with this, the dirty rascals began to cross him with

streams of water, and they also charged upon Sancho, who fell upon the flat of his back, crying out for mercy at the top of his voice. The servants were bursting with laughter; don Quijote was wringing his hands; Sancho Panza was trying to hide; and the nozzles were playing well, the scene becoming so comical and amusing that all the spectators gave way to their merriment, shaking with laughter.

"Enough of shower-baths," shouted Uncle Sam at last, fearing that his resuscitated charge might die, and ordering the engines to be withdrawn.

All soon gathered around, and then the laughter was turned to pity when they saw the miserable plight don Quijote was in. The good knight had fainted, and he was, to all appearances, half dead, lying face down, water oozing from him, his clothing sticking to his bones, which had little flesh upon them any longer, his armor in pieces and his face so haggard, yellow and emaciated that he seemed more like a mummy than a living being.

Uncle Sam became alarmed and had a physician called; doña Águila hastened solicitously with a bottle of salts which she applied repeatedly to don Quijote's nostrils, while the men rubbed him; and then, shortly afterward, opening his eyes with snapping movements, our hero began to come out of his swoon; he passed his hand across his forehead, trying to pull himself together, and looking at doña Águila, who was speaking to him with tender words; and when he succeeded in moving his tongue to address her with some endearment, he became aware of Uncle Sam's presence. You should have seen him. His lover's countenance became that of a wild beast; he pursed his mouth, trying to clear his throat; and, moving his head up and down, he said, in a broken and barely intelligible voice:

"To the devil with your witchcraft, señor don Sorcerer!"

"Calm yourself, your honor, entreated doña Águila, tempted to laugh again.

Don Quijote thanked her with the tenderest and most submissive look, and then, hardening his face with a frown and addressing Uncle Sam, he permitted himself to say, almost without looking at him:

"Well may it be seen that Neptune himself accompanies you in these intrigues, and that gods and sorcerers make alliance in my despite; but fear you not, comely and peerless Dulcinea, for I shall be able to bring to naught this great villany that is visible here. Moderate therefore your grief and the liquid pearls that becloud the limpid orbs of your eyes, which so much embitter the suppliant heart of your grief-stricken knight."

Having uttered these phrases, don Quijote stammered, shivering with cold, to such an extent that his chin quivered, and little enough it was that could be understood.

When Sancho, who had deemed it more prudent to feign death, saw that there were now no more blows, he crawled toward his master, and, unable to restrain himself, he spoke to him in the following manner:

"Have you returned to life, señor don Quijote, and have you not been cured of wandering in illusions? I was thinking that with the drubbing of this new invention you would not be left with any desire to start in again with endearments, for the scalded cat dreads cold water."

All laughed at Sancho's facetiousness. Whereupon Uncle Sam withdrew, that he might not start don Quijote off again by his presence.

Don Quijote had partially recovered from his swoon, and it was necessary to move him in a blanket, as well as Sancho, who complained of great sufferings and of an aching in his bones. They took each of them to his respective couch. For the greater convenience of both, the couches had been placed in the same room. Don Quijote would not let the men undress and rub him, as Uncle Sam had ordered, but Sancho was greatly pleased, letting himself be undressed and rubbed and wrapped up in bed, which seemed to be the best he had ever tried in his life. Afterward they were served a broth that was rich and nourishing enough to raise the dead. Sancho took it without disguising his relish, urging on and encouraging don Quijote at each mouthful, to try to induce him to take some nourishment; but don Quijote, all scowling and out of humor, paid no attention to the exhortations of

his squire, much less to the solicitude of the men that waited on him.

At that moment, doña Águila chanced to enter, and, bent upon showing hospitality to don Quijote, she herself sought to serve him, offering him the first mouthful. The crestfallen knight was deeply touched by this honor, but before tasting the broth he humbly kissed the hand of the one he imagined to be his señora Dulcinea, and he became so enamored and melted with tenderness that he gave himself up to sighs and obsequiousness.

After the succulent soup and the agreeable warmth of the soft couch, Sancho slept like a monk; and as don Quijote seemed to be querulous and irritated, doña Águila, in order to make him go to sleep also, offered him, with every sort of commendation, a potion that was a narcotic of some kind. The knight vowed that he did not need it, but the lady insisted that he drink the beverage, affirming with great mystery that it was the very balsam of Fierabrás that she herself had compounded; and then don Quijote, tasting the drink, said that it was in truth the famous decoction, and he tossed it off at one swallow, after which he also fell asleep like a stone.

(*To be continued*)

FAITH

Fear not, in the hour of trial, to speak out the optimistic word. Suspect not that fate is thwarting thee: fate never thwarts the man that sets his hope on her; and she always keeps the promises which the strong man makes in her name.

The friendly fairies, with their invisible coffers full of favors, ever await the sure and tender voice that entreats them in behalf of some dear life, some precious and beloved being.

However, when this voice implores them, it must not tremble with distrust.

How wilt thou that good fortune pause at thy door, if thou dost not believe in her?

Thy faith opens wide the road to thy dwelling.

Doubt is an impenetrable thicket through which the genius of good can not pass. Catch up thy ax and energetically cut away the brambles: I speak of the ax of thy faith. Thou wilt see how broad will become the road and how it will invite the tread of all good fortune.—AMADO NERVO: *Plenitud.*

A GREAT BOLIVIAN WRITER

BY

JUAN JOSE DE SOIZA REILLY

The generous tribute of one man of letters to another; the author holds the Bolivian Tamayo to be of the same timber as Rodo and Dario, and he asks us but to read, read, read him.—*The Editor.*

WHAT; do there exist great South American writers that were not born upon the Río de la Plata? Can there be in Perú or Bolivia, in Ecuador or Colombia, men of letters with light in their brains? Impossible! We Argentines and Uruguayans have monopolized all the talent of Latin America. We culminate. We fulminate. Apart from us, the rest are mediocre writers. They are amateurs. They are "tropical poets."

Leopoldo Lugones said a short time ago:

"I no longer read books in Spanish; and much less, South American books."

So think we all. We live in the sweet ignorance of the illiterate. When we are asked for an opinion upon the writers of America, we shake our heads. We are silent. . . . Oh, the eloquence of mute mouths! The *hortus conclusus* is marvelous. Because it is a garden? No; because it is closed. . . .

"Do you know Franz Tamayo?"

"No."

"Here you have his books. . . ."

Time passes. We read. We read because we are bored; but we read . . . and we open our eyes. Our soul rises to our eyes to devour the book. . . .

Whence comes this man? From what cloud descended this writer of marvels?

From none. He is a man of Bolivia. He is a man of America. He is a man. . . .

And astonishment fills us with shame. All our encyclopedia drops to pieces. The tower of our pride trembles in its ivory. Ivory? Celluloid! . . .

As a poet, Franz Tamayo is above all that is modern. He is a classic; and he is a future. His lyric tragedies, *La priometheida* and *Las oceanides*, are luminous poems. As a prose writer, he is a forger of ideas superior to the environment. Rodó being dead, Franz Tamayo can replace him. Rubén Darío—who always had the talent and the daring to search for gold in America—found in Tamayo a secret mine. With that disinterested romanticism of his, which made him the victim of his own virtue, Darío proclaimed before any one the excellencies of this discovery. . . .

Franz Tamayo, when he becomes thoroughly known in the purlieus of the Río de la Plata, will be a teacher of our youth. He is already one in Bolivia, where the harshness of his truths causes the fists of the false leaders of the republic to double.

In one of his writings, appears this brief human description of the Americans. Human? . . . Back of his words we behold the soul of the lyric teacher, as he utters, in irony, the truths of the boatman.

Hear him:

We believe that peoples were made for the service of rulers and not for the service of peoples; we believe that learning ought to be acquired to satisfy our personal concupiscences, and not to increase the welfare of all; we believe that art, and very especially the art of writing, ought to be treasured like a heritage or a cow, instead of being the divine, elevating and sublimating instrument of the inner man whom we carry within us; we believe in the fecundity of laziness, in the efficacy of the lie, in the lawfulness of every scheme that leads to success, although it be a stranger to honesty; and it is thus that this "continent of simians," according to the saying of the Germans, has witnessed the most extraordinary human attitudes, caricatures, as it were, of reason, and distortions of reality, things dear to the novel, yet confounders of the truth: the penny-a-line poet, the writer of yellow prose, the rock-picking legislator, the sophist orator, the shady magistrate, the grafting politician, the rogue of a ruler or worse, and all ravenous, feverish, inexorable, runners upon the course of a tragic

and fantastic stadium, and thus, in the Greek manner, athletes in a gymnasium of darkness and crime. It is the eruption of all appetites and, consequently, of all brutalities and stupidities.

Then, after the manner of the Lutheran reformers, who in destroying constructed, Franz Tamayo exalts the prodigies of the will as the lever of all the virtues. For those sins, he prescribes the therapeutics of will, the mother of culture:

It is man's will that prepares everything: the field, the furrow, the seed; and it is the same will that fosters the divine germination of the future forms that regenerate life everlastingly.

In a word, one must work and must give of himself; and in this consists, above everything, what, a little vaguely and imprecisely, we call human culture. In short, one must give of himself.

Let us give.

THE STRAIGHT LINE

A DRAMATIC SKETCH

BY

ENRIQUE HERRERO DUCLOUX

The professor clothes his theories in flesh and blood; whereupon they become types, characters, beings sufficiently human to hold an ideal, cherish an ambition, sermonize, pose; admire, idolize; misunderstand, patronize, dally, squander, temporize, wheedle; gad about, gossip, fondle; be ungrateful; sit in judgment; seek the easy way out of the difficulty; with the inevitable tragedy, which neither makes amends, materially or emotionally, nor satisfies the moral requirement; and he would have us conclude that the straight line is unlovely and that it leads to tragedy.—*The Editor.*

PERSONS

PABLO EIBAR, *age, forty-six*
CARLOS, *brother of* PABLO, *age, thirty*
CARLOTA, *mother of both, age, sixty-six*
ELENA, *wife of* PABLO, *age, thirty-seven*
BATELLI, *assistant engineer to* PABLO, *age, twenty-six*
LILA, *sweetheart of* CARLOS, *age, twenty-six*

Scene laid in Buenos Aires: time, the present

INTRODUCTION

THE author begins by admitting that this sketch was taken from life.

The two men that appear in it, as the principal actors in the drama, are opposite, antithetical and contradictory types, although of the same blood, and not exceptional among us.

As symbols, they are valuable, and they contain a lesson; they are valuable because they are genuine, and they teach because they both suffer, one of them too late perhaps. Mingled in very diverse proportions, like the colors that the artist mixes upon his palette, they form the plot of the men that surround us—vulgar, obscure, mediocre.

Pablo incarnates reason, will and productive labor in the realm of method and order; while Carlos is instinct, abandon and idleness, ministered to by indiscipline and disorder.

Pablo thinks of to-morrow and he produces with altruism; Carlos thinks of nothing but to-day, he consumes like a parasite and he is selfish to the core.

For Carlos, life is pleasure; while for Pablo, it is duty. Pablo is a bowstring and Carlos is a string hanging from a tree and swinging at the sport of the wind.

It is not a secret from the author which of the two makes greater appeal to the majority of people. Carlos attracts, captivates, in light intercourse, and he is welcomed with warm sympathy, listened to with delight and remembered with pleasure. Pablo does not triumph easily, he smiles little and he laughs even less; his presence acts upon the crowd like a silent reproach. If he speaks, he is a judge; he is a severe onlooker in his indifference to the gaming table, a drinker of water among tipplers, a mute surrounded by garrulous backbiters, an inopportune witness of deformities and defects: he is conscience.

Pablo would be—if metempsychosis were not a myth—a tree that stretches upward seeking the sun above the undergrowth of the thicket, the haunt of the reptile, the spider and the nocturnal bird, just as Carlos would be the creeping and lazy plant that shelters vermin and opens its flowers in the swamp. Earlier, much earlier, when they lived in inert matter, as the eastern poems say, Pablo was, without doubt, a river that ran, sang and fertilized; and Carlos, a pool of water that slept and stagnated.

THE STRAIGHT LINE

ONLY ACT

SCENE I

Office of Engineer PABLO EIBAR. *Cases of oak, filled with books, line the walls; above the cases, diplomas and pictures; a North*

American writing table on one side; in front, an ample drafting-board; furniture of a severe style. An air of prosperity, without display.

Day is breaking as the curtain rises. A winter day—gray, rainy, drear. A fire is burning on the hearth, and the light of the electric lamps mingles with the glow of the fire and struggles with the pale clarity of dawn, which penetrates through the window of the balcony and the doors of the hall.

Standing near the drafting-board, PABLO *is talking to his assistant* BATELLI, *who, seated, is arranging in rolls and portfolios, plans and miscellaneous papers.*

BATELLI. I confess that when we began this piece of work last night it seemed impossible that we should be able to finish it.

PABLO. I was sure we should finish it, as it was you who were helping me with the work.

BATELLI. Thanks for your confidence, señor Eibar; but permit me to remark that the greater part of the undertaking—and not the easier—has fallen to your lot during this *nocturnal day's* work of ten hours.

PABLO. You exaggerate, Batelli. Your mental alertness and your ability to work are the privilege of your age, which I also have known.

BATELLI. Yet if I alone had had to do over these plans and remake the calculations and change the explanatory memorial, it would not have been in the session of today that the minister could appear with the bill in due form.

PABLO. It was an engagement of honor for me, and I could not fail to keep it.

BATELLI. What is needed now is that they should turn over to you the direction of the work, in order that you may obtain the reward of your efforts.

PABLO. It will not be so, I think. As soon as the magnitude of the project become known in the chamber, ambition will spring up.

BATELLI. It would be, none the less, an injustice and a robbery.

PABLO. The injustice would pain me more than the material loss.

BATELLI. It is no trifling affair, don Pablo. It is a fortune that is knocking at your door—both for you and for your children—earned by your effort.

PABLO. I know it, my friend; but I do not crave and I do not seek wealth. Comfort, yes; for comfort is necessary, when one has reached my age, with habits that clamor like necessities, even if they be not such. A fortune may often turn out to be an obstacle to the man who has grown up without it, and a drawback to a rising man. I have no desire for a fortune to leave to my children. Without mentioning the ideas that are beginning to creep in and that threaten to dominate the laws very soon, thus rendering inheritance very problematical in the near future, I do not wish to make of my children useless parasites, chronic weaklings, sated with life before they begin to live it in the noblest sense.

BATELLI. Money is never out of place, don Pablo. (*He lights a cigarette as he listens*).

PABLO. The heir, dear Batelli, with rare exceptions, may be likened to a piece of cast-iron; it comes ready made, and it is worth much or little, according to the mold; the man of his own effort, the self-made man,[1] is like wrought-iron, whose value is created between the anvil and the hammer. I desire for my country men of this kind, with a value of their own, with initiative and aptitudes; and I do not need to tell you how I should glory in having my sons grow into men of this stamp.

BATELLI. Yours, rich or poor, will amount to something, if you bring them up in your home as you formed us in the university throughout our career. The spirit of work and devotion to duty are already a priceless capital, which they will inherit without the slightest doubt.

PABLO. There is no merit in this spirit of labor of mine, which, according to you, I am envied. Everything depends upon imparting to work a noble design, upon transforming it into a habit that very soon changes into a necessity. From that moment, it becomes a pleasure to gratify it; whence the secret of effortless workers, of happy toilers, of useful men.

(*Elena enters, in a house dress*).

SCENE II

(*The same and* ELENA)

ELENA. I thought that you had finished your work, for I heard Pablo ha-

[1]English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

ranguing you, and I see now that the señor Batelli is getting ready to poison himself with one of his *toscanos!*

PABLO. Insecticides! On our expeditions (and also everywhere else), Batelli has always been respected by the mosquitos, thanks to his cigars.

BATELLI. Just one word more, señora, and I put it out.

ELENA. No, no; by no means. You have earned the right during your vigil.

BATELLI. Coffee and tobacco have always enabled me to keep up with don Pablo during his frequent nocturnal sessions at work, by overcoming weariness and sleepiness.

ELENA. I suppose that ever since I left you two, you yourself have monopolized the coffee (*pointing to the coffee service upon the mantel.*)

PABLO. Do not think it. I have had to serve him.

ELENA. And what will your sweetheart say of your absence last night from the theatre?

BATELLI. I spoke with her by telephone, explaining my absence to her, and I promised her a long visit to-day.

ELENA. And was she convinced?

BATELLI. I think so; for I made her understand that this work might start us on the road to wealth, even if don Pablo doesn't desire it.

ELENA. Pablo dreams of glory, holding that he is satisfied with what he has.

BATELLI. And you, señora, do you not protest against these theories?

ELENA. I am almost convinced that he is right; he has talked to me so much that I have reached the point of not desiring material wealth.

PABLO. Nothing is wanting to make us happy, as human happiness goes. What we call modern life, civilized life, leads us, by exaggerating it, to consider indispensable what is only accessory, complementary or superfluous, and thus all the disequilibrium of our environment. The man who becomes convinced that he can not be happy without having a Packard at his door, a box at the Colón, a chalet at Mar del Plata, and a string of servants at his home in Buenos Aires, is a candidate fatally sentenced to be a prevaricating judge, a trafficking physician, a grafting functionary, a consciousless engineer or a blackleg lawyer. He wishes to be happy, he wishes to make his family happy and he gives no thought to the means, as the thirsty man pays no attention to the muddiness of the water or the hungry man to the hardness of the bread. And it would be so easy to convince them that there are pleasures for the modern man that spring from an intense spiritual life, from an honorable life, even in these motley and polychrome cities! The mistake of such men springs from vanity, from the fact that they live with their gaze outward, standing at the balcony window.

ELENA. Pablo exaggerates; he is often uncompromising in his judgments of men.

PABLO. So you think that, Elena?

ELENA (*to* BATELLI). He would wish to have all men like himself, and all the women like me.

BATELLI. You will admit, señora, that, if he be too exacting, he does not err in the selection of examples.

ELENA. Thanks, Batelli (*smiling*); but you will agree that it is madness to hold that humanity should be all of a single color, even if it were a spiritual one.

BATELLI. It would be monotonous, at least, would it not? (*to* ELENA).

PABLO. No; I do not hold by a single color. What I demand is honest colors, and I repudiate hybrids, hypocrites or pretenders.

BATELLI. It seems to me that you demand too much of our contemporaries. I can not conceive, for example, of our colleague Martorán's abandoning his calculations of probabilities at the hippodromes on account of a lofty and noble abstraction.

PABLO. Nevertheless, he has more than enough talent to enjoy a very different world, if he devoted himself to his country, in his seat as a deputy.

BATELLI. He thinks he is doing it; didn't you read his last speech? (*with irony*). Could you ask for more patriotic fervor?

PABLO. No; this declamatory and flamboyant patriotism is not the kind we need, from men whose past can not be whitewashed and whose present is shame-

ful. We need the silent, unostentatious patriotism of works, and not that of words: a patriotism based upon unselfishness and sacrifice, the only one capable of producing inner joy for the true intellectual, without vanity, without show, as a son delights to contemplate and caress his mother, far from the multitude and the public plaza, in a corner of the home. Ostentation detracts from merit and stifles joy.

BATELLI. Party demands tend at times to enslave men who, if they were independent, would accomplish something worth while.

PABLO. Even in this they demonstrate their fundamental error in thinking.

BATELLI. It is that they fancy they are compelled by a sense of loyalty.

PABLO. If it were loyalty to a doctrine, to ideas, we should have to praise them.

ELENA (*to* BATELLI). When Pablo speaks of politics he is an excessively severe censor.

PABLO. Why should I not be so, if the most sacred interests of the community are in jeopardy? Political parties—how many are there in the country? Are we, perhaps, to consider worthy of this name, the ridiculous if not lamentable swarms of drones—parasitical and hungry—in which some in good faith carry the flag and saw on violins, followed by the unknowing mob, stupid and irresponsible.

BATELLI (*with affectionate reproach*). If any of these so-called saviors of the country were to hear you, they would take offense.

PABLO. Those to whom I refer know it as well as I do, although they pretend to be ignorant, for their own ends. (*To* ELENA). Do you remember the more or less comical titles of the groups in the carnivals of the olden times? All the names were different, but the men were alike: a red or white feather in the cap; a disreputable cloak, blue or yellow; bandy legs and a vulgar carriage; and the same violins murdering the tunes in fashion. So, in the carnival of the whole year, the human masquerade falls in under flags with different names, without varying the feather or the cloak, to the extent that a talented deputy was able to felicitate the candidate of the opposite party upon his program of government, without its being possible to suspect him of irony.

BATELLI. A strange coincidence.

PABLO. By no means; it is inevitable! Don't you see that all these parties, without principles or any program of ideas, do the same as the makeshift cook, ignorant of his art, who is content to promise to be punctual, not to put in too much salt and not to burn the roast.

ELENA. Pablo does not understand that he is drawing the portrait of the ideal cook of the present day.

BATELLI. And even of a party that would govern. . . .

PABLO. If in the opposition all are alike, all turn out to be worse when they come into power.

(*A maid comes in*).

SCENE III

(*The same and a* MAID)

MAID. Señora, the children are starting to school, and they wish to speak with you.

PABLO (*to* ELENA). Why don't they come here?

ELENA. They must think that thou art still engaged. (*To the maid*). Tell them that I am coming at once.

(*The maid goes out*).

PABLO. I too am coming. I wish to see those two *devils*, for I owe them my nocturnal visit of yesterday, which our work made impossible.

BATELLI (*preparing to go out*). Then I shall be going. I am taking everything in good order, and at ten o'clock I shall deliver it to the minister in your name.

PABLO. Yes; he awaits you; and he will receive you without delay, if you announce yourself in my name. If he should need any complementary data, tell him to inform me. Any way, I shall be in the hall of the parliamentary committee at three sharp.

BATELLI. Señora, my respects. Until we meet, señor Eibar.

ELENA. Pleased to have seen you, Batelli.

PABLO. All settled. Until later.

(BATELLI *goes out*).

Scene IV

(Elena *and* Pablo).

When they are alone, Elena modestly and tenderly caresses Pablo.

Elena. You must be tired to death; why do you not rest until noon, at least?

Pablo. I am going to have a look at the children and then I shall take a hot bath; I am sure it will drive away all my weariness.

Elena. As you please. (*On seeing him about to withdraw*). Ah! do not forget to leave me some money, as your mother asked me last night for what you gave me for the house, and I did not dare to refuse her.

(Pablo *goes to the desk, and hands her some bills*).

Pablo. Did Carlos come yesterday, after dinner?

Elena. Yes; he came for a moment.

Pablo. Now I understand. . . poor little old lady; he is incorrigible!

Elena. Do you think so?

Pablo. I do not think it; I know it. For some time I have observed that my brother was preoccupied and that he was trying to avoid me.

(*They go out*).

Scene V

(Carlos, *afterward the* Maid)

In the door appears Carlos, dressed with elegance: overcoat buttoned, velour hat on, hands clad in street gloves. He looks toward the rear, inquiringly, speaking to some one back of him.

Carlos. He is not here. There is no one!

(*He enters and shows himself; casting his hat upon the drafting-board, he throws open his overcoat; and, while he is removing his gloves, he walks slowly toward the fireplace. The maid enters after him, as if to convince herself and to ask for orders*).

Maid. He was here with the señora a minute ago. They must have gone to the dining-room with the children.

Carlos. And my mother?

Maid. The older señora went out early, as always, to church, and she has not yet returned. Do you wish me to inform the señor.

Carlos. No; I shall go to the dining-room.

Maid. Very well.

(*She goes out*).

Scene VI

(Carlos *seats himself, looking into the fire; after a moment, when he feels that he is alone, he no longer disguises his state of depression and profound preoccupation*).

Carlos. What a hell of a night! It was an utter overthrow; the catastrophe has come at last. . . . (*A pause*). The *gringo* Harding laughed at me. . . . I could have throttled him. Ah, he did not know that I was playing in desperation, that I was like a drowning man. . . . And, nevertheless, the combination that could not fail, failed . . . and what a failure! . . . What an idiot I am! A fine time to begin to protest when what I have to do is to pay! . . . to pay! . . . to pay? where from? . . . with what? (*He looks about him, stirs the fire and then sits again for a moment staring at the flames*). And I need the money before the afternoon; what will Pablo say to me? . . . He can not abandon me in the slough; he can not abandon me. To-morrow the scandal would be public, and he watches over his reputation as over a treasure . . . (*shaking his head*): a treasure that I would gladly surrender for twenty bills of a thousand *pesos*, and I would call myself Pérez or Gómez or López or anything. . . . Pablo must suspect something; he sounded me with his eyes . . . and it is better perhaps; he will be prepared . . . as when I saved Peluzzi . . . who is a millionaire now! (*As if thinking well of a sudden idea*). And what if I should try him first! . . . Peluzzi can not have forgotten. He will do it for me . . . when I explain to him . . . only a question of a few woman's wheedlings. His friend Carlos (*in a lower voice*) in prison; he will not dream of permitting it, I am sure. (*He rises, much livelier, as if to go, and he looks at his watch*). Even if I pull him out of bed, I wish to be certain;

and Pablo will not know anything about it. . . . I have no liking for sermons.

(*As he is taking up his hat,* ELENA *comes in*).

ELENA. Carlos! Did you wish to see Pablo?

CARLOS (*distraught*). No; it isn't worth while. I am going, but I shall return!

ELENA. He has been working with Batelli the whole night through, and he wouldn't lie down.

CARLOS. So I was told. . . . I shall return. I shall return. For a little while, Elena; don't bother.

ELENA (*observing his perturbation*). Do you wish to leave any message for him?

CARLOS. No; I shall be returning. Good-by, for the present.

ELENA. As you will.

(CARLOS *goes out, leaving* ELENA *thoughtful, looking toward the door*).

ELENA. I could swear he was talking to himself when I entered. It is perfectly clear that he was upset as he went away; what a noddle!

(PABLO *comes in*).

SCENE VII

(ELENA *and* PABLO).

PABLO. Now I feel like an entirely new being. (*Looking around surprised*). The maid told me that Carlos was here!

ELENA. Yes; he has just gone; but he said he would return. He must have thought you were resting and did not wish to disturb you.

PABLO. I have an evil presentiment. For a month the lad has taken pains not to be left alone with me; he avoids me. I am puzzled that he should have come to see me so early.

ELENA. As always, you preach to him about his way of living. . . .

PABLO. What would I not do to change him!

ELENA. And you contradict him in his theories. . . .

PABLO. Theories? Stupidities! If laws were based upon them, the republic would be a Zululand or a Mozambique.

ELENA. Poor Carlos; his head is hollow; can he have learned that you have taken charge of his little son?

PABLO. It may be. I have not said anything to him about it, however. It is going on two months since the death of the mother, and I have waited in vain for some sign of haughty protest on account of my interference and yours in behalf of that unhappy creature who paid too dear for her ignorance.

ELENA. It must be that he knows nothing about what has happened.

PABLO. Or he feigns ignorance, which is more convenient. Often I think that in his soul there are empty, dark spots: wheels that are not in gear with the mechanism; dry branches, without sap.

ELENA. He does not understand home life, and that is the whole of it.

PABLO. Not even the obligation of a father toward his son—more primitive, more animal, if you will (since it has its root in the instinct), than the filial duties, the result of civilized life, imposed by intelligence.

ELENA. According to him, he is an illegitimate son, an obstacle.

PABLO. That is the absurd part of it, and it is monstrous! What has a father to do with distinctions between legitimacy and illegitimacy, established by law? If he has had the cowardice to beget him, in obedience to instinct, let him have the courage to maintain him, feed him, protect him, since he is his.

ELENA. If he were to marry, he would change. Carlos is very good at bottom.

PABLO. I do not doubt it. I have the example of his old chum, Peluzzi!

ELENA. Well?

PABLO. I found him a few days ago, withered, flabby, and I was startled by his appearance, so different from his wonted ruddiness and look of prosperity. The man was changed, aged, washed out, exhausted, fainting from weariness and lack of sleep. He confirmed his condition with an eloquent laconicism, because his words began with a yawn and ended with a grotesque grimace, as of one trying to keep from weeping in the presence of an outsider.

"Pablo," he said, "you can understand me. For four days I have not rested, I have not slept, I have not lived: my little son is ill and . . . I do not know but

what I am going to lose him." I stammered a few stupid phrases—meaningless, colorless, unworthy of me—because in stringing them together I was not able to give them the appearance of sincerity. Afterward we separated, with a vulgar phrase: he, with his heart torn by cavilings and fears; and I, reproaching myself for my trviality, cudgeling my slow brains that had not enabled me to treat the poor devil properly, at a difficult moment in his life.

ELENA. It is true, Pablo, tha you were not felicitous!

PABLO. You will see. As I went my way, confused by the multitude that was going up and down the avenue, the inner voice tried to justify itself, saying softly to me, in a whisper: "Do not scold me, for you would be unjust. Your faithful memory alone is to blame, because, on seeing Peluzzi alarmed and cast down by the illness of his heir, you could not believe that he was the same person who had passed his days in Pantagruelian feasts at no remote period, while the obscure daughter of his provincial amour was dying in a room of a miserable tenement, with no other affection than that of the humble and ignorant half-caste who had borne her and with no other support than public beneficence.

(*As* PABLO *is concluding his story, doña Carlota enters. She is a little old lady, with youth and health retained, and agile and lively as a squirrel; she is dressed with simplicity and elegance. She has just come in from the street and she is wearing her furs, her hands in a muff; small packages are upon her left arm, and a mother-of-pearl rosary, hanging form one of her wrists, indicates whence she comes and how she has employed her time*).

SCENE VIII

(ELENA, PABLO *and* doña CARLOTA).

CARLOTA. What are you doing? I am dying of the cold. (*She approaches the fire*). Santo Domingo is an ice-house. Wasn't Carlos with you? They told me, as I came in, that he was here. . . .

ELENA. He was here for a second, and then he went away; but he is going to return.

CARLOTA (*to* ELENA). I met the children on the way to school; they looked like two little men.

ELENA. They went to speak to you this morning. They dared not enter, thinking you were asleep.

CARLOTA. Yes; I know; the poor little fellows! (*To* PABLO, *in a tone of affectionate reproach*). They are fonder of their grandmother than you are, my son!

PABLO. I went to say good-morning to you, but you had gone out; why do you get up so early thus?

CARLOTA. What I have always done, as you are well aware.

PABLO. In the depth of the winter, however, to stick yourself in a church, at daybreak, and at your age. . . .

CARLOTA (*feigning anger*). According to you, I ought not to go at any hour, you great heretic!

PABLO. You are mistaken, little mother; I wish you to be happy and I wish to take care of you for ourselves.

CARLOTA. Enough, enough! (*To* ELENA). I encountered Leonor; the poor woman is in great distress, you see. Her son-in-law has ruined her sister in a few months, and they are going to have to move to humble quarters with three rooms. The count has turned out a rascal!

PABLO. They did not say the same when I permitted myself to observe to Leonor herself that this count person had his talents in his feet and his fortune in his nails, according to what I had heard.

ELENA. You were cruel, Pablo. Leonor was greatly hurt with me.

PABLO (*ironically*). And with good reason. . . . I should tell her now that they were unlucky ventures of the Parmesan count and nothing more.

CARLOTA. What Rosari has told me is a shame. What physicians! They are so many asses! Only fancy that her niece—the one married to Colonel Lerez—was ill six months ago, and they diagnosed a tumor and forced an operation upon her. Little daughter, she was operated upon in the sanatorium by three physicians (*to* PABLO), one of them your friend Keller, a god to you, and it turned out that she was enciente! The child was lost, a little boy,

as they said, and she died immediately. . . . .

ELENA. How horrible!

CARLOTA. The colonel wished to kill the physicians!

PABLO. Poor fellow! It would have been the least he could do to them, being such dolts!

CARLOTA. And they have sent him a bill for ten thousand *pesos!*

PABLO. It is the best proof of their moral courage: a physician may be mistaken; a man of honor does not err.

CARLOTA. However, your friend Doctor Albert, who is always on your tongue as an example of the magistrate, has given a wedding present to Blanquita—Jiménez's—which has been the topic of the wedding and . . . of the tribunals.

PABLO. Why?

CARLOTA. It was the sentence of absolution in the suit they were bringing against the groom's father for falsification of trade-marks, and you are well aware of who was in the right.

ELENA. What an original present!

CARLOTA (*mockingly*). These are my son Pablo's *lily whites!*

PABLO. One more to cross off my list of "men." (*With sadness*).

CARLOTA (*ironically*). And have you many left?

PABLO. Ah, little mother, little mother! You are jesting and you do not know the pain that these disillusionments cause me.

CARLOTA. Because you do not know the world, save through your books. It has always been the same; I have had enough of hearing about it from your father.

PABLO. I also do not forget it. Father did not believe in anybody or anything except you and his work, and he could live tranquilly with his cows and his wheatfields; he did not have to struggle with men. I am in a different position; I am concerned over the spiritual rather than the material future of my country, and I cherish the illusion that I am a considerable factor in that future of which I dream.

ELENA. And you are, Pablo. All recognize it in you.

PABLO. The loss of one of those choice spirits saddens me, as the chess player is saddened when he sees one of his valuable pieces removed from the board, because they are few, as men are upon our stage.

CARLOTA. Do you consider there are but a few lawyers, physicians and engineers? . . . Therefore I think Carlos did well not to study; in the Compañía de Bosques he has a future.

PABLO. I do not speak of those who have received diplomas, who are many, it is true; too many, perhaps. I speak of the apt, the capable, who are very few.

(*A maid comes in*).

SCENE IX

(*The same and a* MAID)

MAID. Señora, some one wishes to speak with you by telephone regarding the Téllez-Ruiz affair.

ELENA. With me?

CARLOTA. No; it is with me. I met Florita at the church, and she was to tell me something about our society. You know that she is now the secretary. (*To the maid*). Say that I am coming at once.

MAID. Very well, señora. (*She goes out*).

(*Doña* CARLOTA *gathers up her packages and her furs, and before leaving the room, she addresses* PABLO, *half affectionately and half ironically*).

CARLOTA. Do not consider anybody, señor philosopher. First, you, afterward you, and then you. (*To* ELENA). Don't you think so?

ELENA. That is what I am always telling him.

PABLO. It is now too late. I should have to be born again.

(*Doña* CARLOTA *goes out*).

SCENE X

(ELENA, PABLO *and a* MAID)

ELENA. Poor little mother! She could not live without her societies and associations: always on the go!

PABLO. And now you see how she spends her time; in a moment she has passed in review, with her friends, all the news of her circle, her little world.

ELENA. She has a marvelous memory.

(*A maid comes in*).

MAID. Señora, they have come from the shop with the samples and they ask whether they are to leave them.

ELENA. No; tell them to wait. (*To* PABLO). I myself am going to choose, so that they may take along the order.

(*They go out*).

SCENE XI

(PABLO *alone; afterward* CARLOS)

PABLO (*pensively*). To-day it is Keller and Albert who are trafficking with science and justice; yesterday it was Ruiz Alves, my teacher, in that shameful business of the cement, and Pepe Lemos, my childhood's companion, in the scandal of the material for the navy, and Mestres Yáñez, my father's friend, selling his vote in the congress, without any hesitation; falling into shame in his old age, and forgetting his preaching of many years; departing from the straight line . . . like deserters, like fugitives. . . . If they were only moved by hunger or love, in straying from the path! But no; it would be absurd to suppose it of any of them . . . unless they designate as hunger the uncontrollable desire for the material pleasures of which our grandfathers did not dream, and as love, unnamable and bestial vices. . . . (*He pauses*). After crime, impunity, accomplice silence, the guilty silence of the environment, the certainty that they will find, as yesterday, a hand that will press theirs and a smile that will welcome them with kindness, as if it forgot or rather as if it did not know; audacity to look one straight in the face, and woe to him who should respond by letting an accusation gleam in his eyes! If the penal code was closed to them, the *code of honor* consecrates them as gentlemen, and as a climax, inviolable. (*He has become by degrees more and more stirred, and he concludes by giving way to anger*). No; it can not be. We who lead, who fashion and govern the new generation, who stand in the front rank, must arise; our responsibility is undeniable, our responsibility is enormous. All those whom suffering has brought to our land must find in us an example, a standard, a code, vital and in action, a barrier, and if they see the children of the very land violate and destroy the laws, thus profaning the national home, they will, like vultures, wrest from us all that remains of the patria, and the republic dreamed of and fashioned by our dead will be an ignoble mart!

(*In the door appears* CARLOS, *hesitating and downcast; when he sees* PABLO, *he pulls himself together, but without succeeding in disguising, in his voice and attitude, the preoccupation that possesses him; he lays his hat upon the drafting-board and starts toward his brother*).

PABLO. What have you to say, Carlos? Elena told me that you came here early to see me, and that you would return.

CARLOS. Yes; I did not wish to trouble you. . . . I supposed you must have lain down for a while.

PABLO (*with affectionate irony*). And . . . what do you need? . . . because your visit seems too *matutinal* not to be interested.

CARLOS (*gravely*). And you are not mistaken, Pablo I left in order that it might not be so . . . I wished to see Peluzzi first . . . (*with sadness*) he has failed me as I never should have believed. . . . (*With discouragement*). Miserable *gringo*!

PABLO. Money?

CARLOS (*emphatically*). Much money! For him, very little, as he is now a millionaire and as he was formerly my friend.

PABLO Friend! . . . friend! . . . this is your mistake, like that of many. Your pal! you mean to say, a companion of the gaming table always smiling, approver of follies and a well of easy counsels. True friends are only made by work, by sharing weariness, struggling shoulder to shoulder for a noble and just cause.

CARLOS (*interrupting*). I beg your pardon, Pablo. I am already acquainted with your theories and . . . I respect them. If I come to-day to see you (*doubtfully*) . . . it is because I need you as never, more than ever, before. Hear and answer me, without *berating* me; it would be too late. (*He seats himself, without looking at* PABLO).

PABLO (*alarmed*). Have you gambled?

CARLOS. And I have lost! (*At* PABLO's *gesture of reproach*). It is useless, I warn

you. . . . From Peluzzi's house to yours I have heaped upon myself all the recriminations that you could apply to me, perhaps more; but it is useless, I repeat. . . . What is done, is done. (*He sits looking at the floor*).

PABLO (*resentfully, after a pause*). Well; and how much do you owe?

CARLOS (*hesitating and without raising his head*). Twenty thousand *pesos*.

PABLO (*precipitately*). You have been gambling on your word? Have you signed any document, or did you borrow money at the club?

CARLOS (*with the same attitude*). Worse than that! . . . .

PABLO (*who divines, and refuses to believe*). Carlos!

CARLOS. I have stolen it.

PABLO. (*With rising emotion, which contrasts with the tranquillity of* CARLOS). Stolen? Where? When?

CARLOS (*master of himself*). From the company . . . a month ago. I thought I should be able to raise it last night, because to-day, without fail, I must replace that sum or. . . .

PABLO (*interrupting*). Ah, Carlos, how far you have fallen! How dreadful! That you should have been able, coldly, day after day, to go on stealing without feeling the nausea of your own wretchedness!

CARLOS (*interrupting him again*). Pablo, I respect you . . . you have your ideas, your theories. You reason with that logic of iron which your mathematical studies have imparted to your very marrow. You feel less than you think; you know nothing of passions. . . . I beg of you: save your words, if you can not calm your anger.

PABLO (*becoming worked up*). Ah, no! A thousand times, no! You must hear me, in spite of yourself. It (*sarcastically*) would be very convenient. Passions, passions! That is the song of all those of your kind: they follow their own will, their own whim; miserable egoists, they think only of themselves, for their pleasures, and they recall others for their sorrows. . . . Yes; I am of ice; I do not feel; I think too much; my life is prosaic; I have no heart! . . . I know your ideas, too. . . . You think that I have not felt, like a man, the burning smart of desire? You think that I have not suffered, in order to be able to rise, the bitter deprivement of the pleasures craved by my youth? It was for you, it was for our mother, for all those about me, that I was willing to put lead upon my wings. (*With a tone of reproach*). And you still tell me to keep silent. . . .

CARLOS. I do not know what to say to you. You are right. I recognize the wrong . . . of course I recognize it! . . . but it is done. The guilt is mine . . . the shame is for all. It is our name, your name, that is compromised.

PABLO (*with haughtiness*). My name? My name is my own; you are mistaken. I have made it, I have fashioned it by my effort, my labor. My name is not in your hands; you can not stain it, even if you would. Absurd prejudices are these, to base pride and value upon surnames more or less sonorous. (*With irony*). Names, labels, more or less brilliant, attached to bottles filled with poison or generous wine, although the glass be identical! What name has not sounded at some time in the prison or the brothel! (*With firmness*). My name is mine, mine alone, and for it I am responsible to my children, to my country and to my conscience.

CARLOS (*rising to go, considering himself rebuffed*). Then . . . you abandon me?

PABLO (*serenely, coldly, hardly a tremor being noted in his voice*). Are you going to give yourself up, in order that after a *via crucis* of bitterness, they may thrust you into a cell . . . or are you going to flee, hiding yourself like a hunted beast?

CARLOS (*crestfallen*). I do not know what I shall do . . . it is all the same to me . . . in the end they would find me.

PABLO (*with emotion that he can not conceal*). There is one door . . . that justice does not open . . . when it is once closed . . . close it yourself!

CARLOS (*starting*). And you say this to me!

PABLO (*with the serenity of a judge*). I do.

CARLOS (*becoming excited*). Does your head say this? Does reason dictate it? And you point it out to me as a road.

PABLO (*always severe, although there wells up in the tone of his voice a hidden tenderneess*). If you approached me under the sentence of an illness beyond remedy—a lane with no other outlet than idiocy or madness, an inclined plane of suffering with no other end than death—I should say the same to you, Carlos, because it is what I should do. We are men! I see you at the bottom of the *tankard*, and although I do not weep, I feel within me an unspeakable anguish, less because of my impotence to save you than because of the conviction that it would be futile. . . . Sick of will, incapable of reacting after so many trials, I despair of you. . .

CARLOS (*becoming more and more excited as* PABLO *has spoken*). Enough! Enough! I shall not cast my shadow upon you. . . . Like a mangy dog you cast me out, you throw me off; I shall go . . . you will feel it. . . . Curses!

(*He goes out violently, furious*).

SCENE XII

(PABLO, *afterward* ELENA)

(CARLOS *disappears*, PABLO *drops into a chair, his head between his hands, unable to master his emotion*).

PABLO. How horrible! . . . How horrible! (*He sits up, hearing the noise made by* ELENA *as she enters, agitated, questioning*).

ELENA. What's the matter with Carlos? I ran into him in the corridor. He was carrying on like a crazy man, talking to himself. . . . I called him, and he went on without looking back.

PABLO (*deeply affected, and trying to dissimulate*). You will know about it . . . it must be an affair of a duel.

ELENA (*looking him in the eyes*). You are deceiving me, Pablo. Have you had words?

PABLO (*in a dull voice*). For the last time!

ELENA. What do you mean? Have you driven him away?

PABLO (*now in control of himself*). No; by mutual consent. He can not return. . . . *He will not return.* Elena, I beg of you: ask me nothing more.

ELENA (*affectionately, although still disturbedly*). Don't you see that your excessive work overexcites you, makes you irritable; and you will not rest. Carlos will understand afterward. . . .

PABLO. Afterward? (*Wrapped in his own thoughts*). Will one awaken as from a dream? Will one sleep for ever . . . for ever? Will he distinguish between good and evil with perfect clearness, or will it be a confused darkness, dull, endless? . . .

ELENA. What are you saying? Are you wandering? Heed me, dear; rest just an hour or two. (*She gently caresses him*).

PABLO (*coming back to reality*). I am not raving, Elena. Carlos, in his disorderly life, has gone on descending, plunging deeper and deeper, and he has reached the commission of a definite crime, a shameful crime, one that the law deals with, that the law marks with a brand! . . . He has stolen money to gamble, to throw it to the winds; and from the shame that awaited him, death alone can free him.

ELENA (*a prey to excitement, which has increased in proportion as* PABLO *has disclosed the truth*). But no, Pablo. What you are telling me is horrible, it is frightful. Run in search of him, and dispose of my property as if it were yours, if you will. He is your brother!

PABLO (*with sadness*). He is my brother! I have tried to form him, like a son; this you know full well. All has been useless: he is now a played card, a tree that the torrent uproots and carries away.

ELENA. Do it for your mother, Pablo. If you did so much to hide ruin from her upon the death of your father; if you have sacrificed yourself hitherto in order to give her a happy old age . . .

PABLO (*interrupting*). It is too late . . . do not insist . . . you can not understand me.

ELENA (*hiding her grief*). I fear for you, for your remorse.

PABLO (*without emphasis*). A judge does not fear remorse.

SCENE XIII

(*The same and* BATELLI).

(*At the moment when* ELENA *is bent upon insisting,* BATELLI *comes in like a whirlwind, out of breath, his face shining, waving*

his hat. His bubbling joy prevents his grasping the situation).

BATELLI. Master! A triumph! (*To* ELENA). Señora, this is a glorious day for don Pablo. There were more than twelve deputies at the minister's house when he received me . . . some even of the opposition. Mallo, the powerful Mallo, was there too. If you had only seen, master! The minister compelled me to explain the project in detail, and they did not let me conclude . . . a genuine triumph! This afternoon, in the chamber, your name will resound through the building with cheers, as that of a worker for the country's greatness. . . . The minister said to me as I was leaving that he awaited you in the chamber to give you an embrace.

PABLO. Thanks, Batelli, thanks. The glory is yours also. (*With visible depression and bitterness*). You can enjoy it to the full, as a spur, as a stimulus. While ascending, joy is complete; upon the summit, it is no longer so . . . the chasms seem too deep, the valleys too dark, and the solitude of the heights is fearful. . . .

ELENA (*to* BATELLI *who observes without comprehending*). Make him rest. He has gone all to pieces . . . and he will not obey me.

BATELLI. (*Noting the condition of* PABLO *and* ELENA, *and trying to divine*). Yes, señor Eibar. One or two hours of silence, of tranquillity, will be sufficient. You need them to set you up for this afternoon.

ELENA. Batelli also begs it of you! Do not be thus.

PABLO (*looking at his watch*). As you will.

SCENE XIV

(*The same and* LILA)

(PABLO *starts to leave, and he stops: at the door appears Lila, a prey to extraordinary agitation. Her clothing is elegant, a bit exaggerated: there is, nevertheless, something that shows the precipitation with which she must have come. She looks inquiringly, and she addresses* PABLO, *almost sobbing*).

LILA. Señor Eibar! . . don Pablo! . . . Carlos. . . . (*She is unable to continue, being choked with weeping*).

ELENA (*to* PABLO). Poor thing! (*Approaching her with solicitude*). Calm yourself, señora. . . .

LILA. Thanks . . . I should not have dared . . . but it is horrible, horrible! (*To* PABLO). Carlos told me to call you . . . he shut himself up in his bedroom to kill himself . . . he had not come last night . . . he entered like a madman . . . he merely said he was ill, and that I should call you . . . that I should call you. . . .

SCENE XV

(*The same and doña* CARLOTA)

(*Through the door of the hall enters doña* CARLOTA *in agitation*).

CARLOTA. What is this they say about Carlos? The maid tells me that they have spoken to the police, but she can not explain. (*Observing* LILA's *presence, she goes toward* ELENA). Who is this woman? Why is she weeping? (*Divining something*). Oh! My God!

ELENA. Calm yourself, little mother. It is Carlos's companion . . . she came to inform us. . . .

CARLOTA (*interrupting*). Of what? Speak! (*Restraining her sobs*). Where is Carlos?

PABLO. Come, mother, courage! An automobile accident . . . at the door of his house . . . it is nothing grave . . . I am going at once.

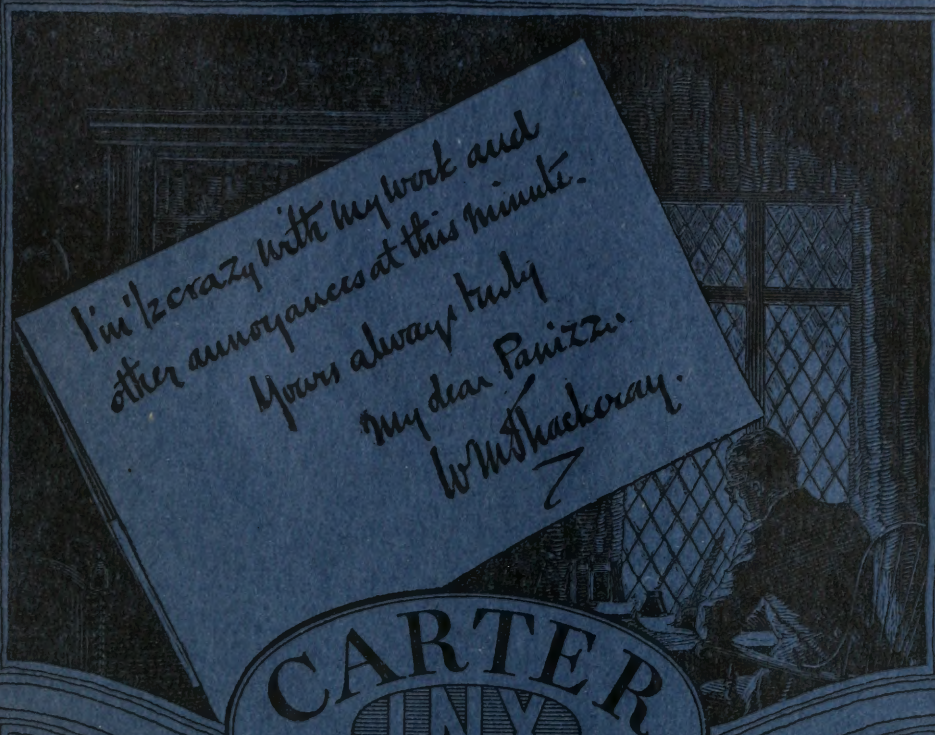
CARLOTA (*who follows* PABLO's *movements*). You are lying, Pablo. Your voice shows it . . . I wish to see my son, my son!

(ELENA *has approached her and embraces her, abandoning* LILA, *who stands apart in her sorrow.* BATELLI, *divining the drama, goes respectfully to* PABLO).

PABLO. Accompany me, Batelli. Elena will look after mother. They are women; they feel too deeply to be able to reason. They could not understand me. (*With sadness, and as if he were speaking to himself*). We must begin to do justice, and it is necessary to make an example . . . with one's own flesh and blood!

CARLOTA (*in lamentation, like the wailing bleat of a ewe calling to the lamb*). My son! My son!

(*The curtain falls*)



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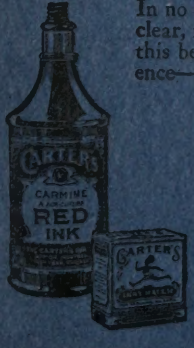

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